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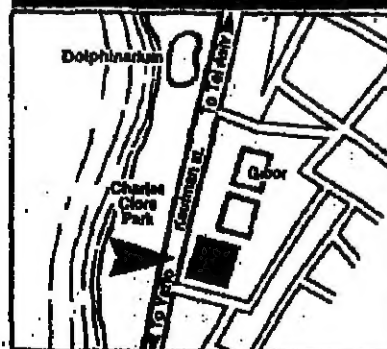
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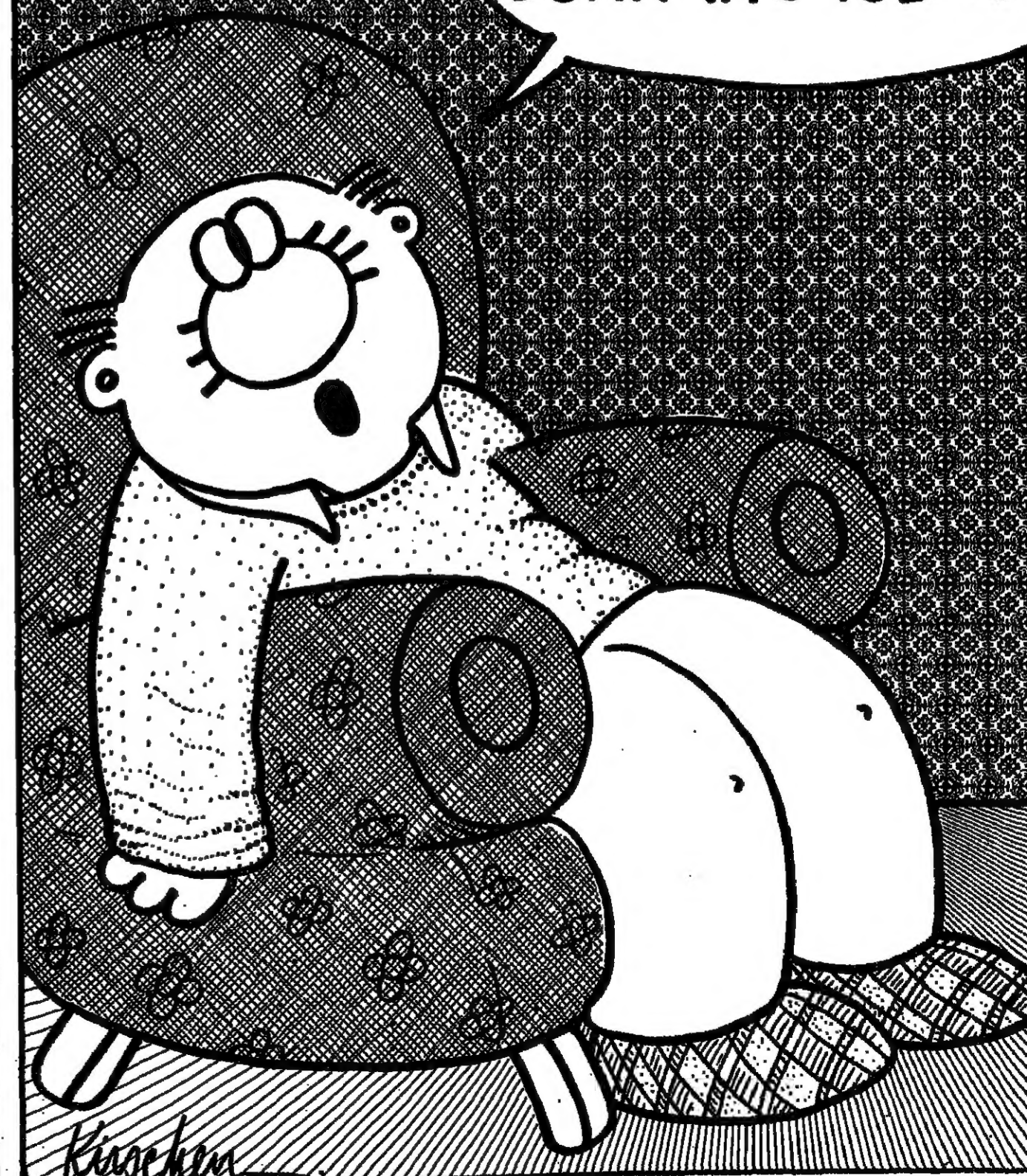


THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, December 28, 1984



1984
ANOTHER YEAR
DOWN THE TUBES.



INSIDE

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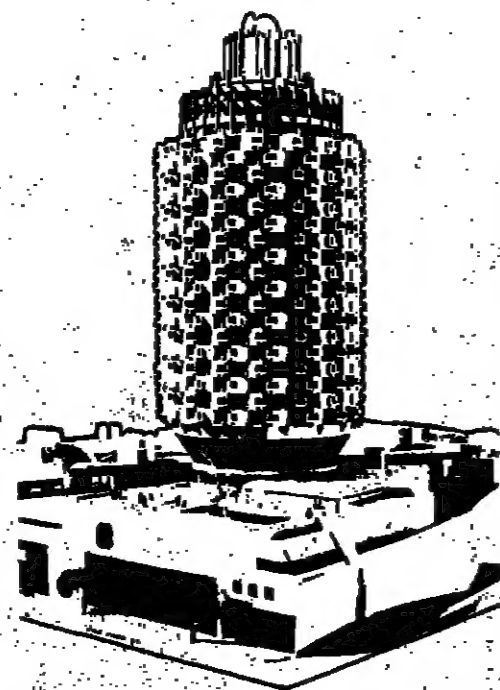
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THE DIFFERENCE between this unit and other units of the Israel Defence Forces is in the mentality of its soldiers, says the brigade commander. There is a difference in mentality; but it does not prevent us achieving our aims, says the communications officer.

The corporal who deals with the unit's social problems likes the mentality. "There are qualities of obstinacy and persistence that I greatly respect. Even if someone has a different mentality from you, you discover that you can become friends when you meet face to face."

At a time when all too many people are making glib generalizations about a so-called "Arab mentality," these remarks by officers of the IDF minorities unit were refreshing indeed. The use of the word at first grated on my ears; but, after a day at the Negev training base of the predominantly Druse unit, I realized that there is nothing wrong with the word as such — only with the way it is sometimes used.

My visit to the base took place before the renewed fighting between the Druse and Christians in Lebanon; but the question of Lebanon nevertheless intruded itself into at least one of the interviews. A Druse officer vividly described his anguish, when he served in Lebanon as a deputy battalion commander on the eastern front, facing the Syrians.

"We were having casualties every day," he told me. "Friends were being killed and wounded; but just behind us we could hear the Druse and Christians shelling each other. The Christians were the allies of my army [the IDF], but they were killing my people."

"For us there is no difference between Lebanese or Israeli Druse. They are our brothers."

He noted that there had been a tendency among Israeli Druse at the time to refuse to serve, but that this had now dropped to negligible proportions.

"It's a good thing that the Lebanese Druse did so well against the Christians," he said. I am not sure what he would say today, now that the fighting has broken out again and the Druse are again demanding to go to fight for their people in Lebanon.

The problem it has caused for the Druse is only one of the calamities of the war in Lebanon; but a serious one, for the Druse, as my visit to their training base showed, are loyal soldiers of the IDF and among its best fighters.

WE ARRIVED at the base in the middle of the worst dust storm I have ever encountered. The dust penetrated our eyes, ears and noses; it coated our clothes. It also got into the carburettor of our car, but fortunately the engine only died 50 metres from the entrance to the camp. But by now rain was falling and had started to convert the dust to mud as we fought the wind for those last few metres.

The "mentality" was evident from the moment we walked in. All IDF units are hospitable; but there was something extra about the solicitude for our welfare, the promptness of the excellent hot coffee, the profusion of sandwiches and cakes pressed on us.

For Aluf-Mishne Gideon, himself a Druse, the minorities unit is only one of several under his command. "I have never related to a soldier or fellow-officer other than as an individual," declares the colonel. "I know that the Druse soldiers sometimes think I am specially hard on them, but it is not true."

Gideon, a broad, powerful man, with a brick-red, square face and a commanding manner, was born in the mixed Druse-Arab-Jewish vil-



(Above) Members of the IDF minorities unit at their Negev training base. (Below left) Rav-Seren Selim. (Below right) Aluf-Mishne Gideon.

DRUSE LOYALTIES



Daniel Gavron

lage of Peki'in in Galilee 47 years ago, and still lives there with his wife and six children.

The Druse alliance with the Jews, he says, goes back to Moses and Jethro. It was forged in blood in the War of Independence of 1948 and all the subsequent wars; but it is more than an alliance of war. He remembers coexistence in his own village and good relations between Jewish and Druse villages all over Galilee.

Not that the relationship was always perfect. He laughingly recalls how his father, during the struggle for Jewish labour in the 1920s, put on a skull-cap, learned to pray in the Jewish manner, and called himself "Yosef Cohen," in order to get work on the Jewish farms.

He himself had felt a loyalty to the Jewish state when he was at school, and he resolved then that he would become a "general in the IDF." He still hopes to make it. He is only the second Druse to be a brigade commander; but today there are five Druse colonels in the IDF.

"We are linked with the Jews in our common loyalty to the State of

Israel," he says simply. But there is nothing solemn about him. With a twinkle, he relates how, when he commanded the minorities unit, "we regularly won the prize for the best Suca." The base observes strict kashrut, and he suspects that "we might be more thorough than some of the Jewish units."

He emphasizes that respect for one another's religions is mutual, pointing out that on the festivals of Jethro and al-Adha the Druse go home on leave. He enjoys commanding a brigade that is largely Jewish and likes to see Jewish officers in the minorities unit, for "the more we get to know each other, the better."

TODAY, with all the IDF open to them, Gideon tells me, only some 40 per cent of Druse join the minorities unit. The others are "in every other unit you care to name." The minorities unit still exists, though, and he thinks it symbolizes the partnership between the two peoples. The unit is 90 per cent Druse, with Jews, Circassians and Beduin volunteers making up the other 10 per cent.

"Just as the other IDF units affirm loyalty at the Western Wall or Masada, our unit holds the ceremony at

the tomb of our prophet Sabalan, near Khorfeish in Galilee," he says. "The families come along to take part; it shows that the whole community is involved."

He admits to a feeling of ambivalence when it comes to recruiting time. On the one hand, he wants Druse to serve in all units of the army; on the other, he competes for them, trying to encourage them to serve in the minorities unit under his command.

On one matter he is as uncompromising as an ultra-Orthodox Jew, and that is the question of Druse women serving in the army: "I hope it will never happen," he declares. "It is a question of religion."

Gideon hopes to serve in the IDF for many more years; but when he does retire, he would like to interest himself in public affairs. In the IDF there is complete equality, he insists, and he would like to help achieve this in the civilian sector also.

SEREN OMAR, a light-complexioned, slim, serious Circassian captain from Kafr Kanna in Galilee, has only just arrived in the unit, where he has been appointed personnel officer. He has served in

the IDF for eight years — mostly in Jewish units — but may leave in two years' time, as he has just married a girl from his village. He is worried that his army service may keep him away from home too much.

He has never experienced any prejudice whatsoever during his years of service, he says.

"Did your fellow soldiers know you were a Circassian?" I ask, and he laughs: "They thought I was an Ashkenazi!"

Omar had not asked to return to the minorities unit, feeling quite at home in all the units in which he has served.

Did he not feel uncomfortable, as a Moslem, in an army which had to fight Moslems?

"I never thought about it," he replies, confessing that he is not a strict Moslem, and that while in other parts of the world Circassians are Christians, he thinks it is the belief in God that is important.

Circassians have their own language, culture and way of life, he says, but he feels equally at home speaking Circassian, Arabic and Hebrew. "As an Israeli citizen," he asserts, "I am doing my duty by

(Continued on page 4)

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(continued from page 3)

serving in the army - no more than that.

Seren Moshe, dark-complexioned, serious, wearing glasses, is the brigade communications officer. A Yemenite sabra from Rehovot, he says that he did not have any preconceived notions about minorities before encountering the unit. "There are good soldiers and bad ones. It's got nothing to do with what you are or where you come from."

He knew about the Druse before joining the unit, but his encounter with the Circassians was a new experience. He has found them to be as loyal and competent as any other soldiers. His task also brings him into contact with the Beduin scouting unit, which is part of the brigade. They take their work very seriously indeed, and perform competently.

"I don't see how anyone can make distinctions between Jews and non-Jews," he asserts. "They have fought and died with us over the years; where is the difference?"

RAV-TURAIT TALI, from Kibbutz Shefayim, also says she came to the unit without any preconceived notions, but she is convinced that these are always the result of ignorance. As corporal in charge of welfare, she travels to the Druse villages a great deal.

"Serving in this unit has proved to me just how stupid hatred and prejudice are," she says. "I tell my friends that - except for religion and culture - the Druse are like Arabs and the Arabs are like Jews and the Jews are like Americans. We are all human beings."

When she visits a Druse family, they always ask her whether she would prefer not to eat meat with the lamb. "They don't want me to be like them," she says, "and they want to retain their own way of life."

She has become convinced that one of the reasons for the Israel-Arab conflict is ignorance on both sides.

"When you meet someone face to face, you can't hate him," the corporal declares passionately. "We think we are better, just because we are more modern; but I can see many examples where modern does not mean better."

Rav-Samelet Sarah from Beersheba is now a professional soldier. She did her compulsory service in the IDF legal unit, and, when she signed on permanently, welcomed the challenge of serving in the personnel section of the minorities unit. Her father had worked with Druse for many years.

"He told me that if you respect them, they respect you," says the corporal. "I have found that to be the case." She does not regard them as "minorities" any more, but simply as individuals.

When Rav-Turait Kamelia from Arad learnt that she was to serve in the minorities unit, she went to the library and looked up "Druse" in an encyclopedia. Today she knows more, and counts Druse, Beduin and Circassians among her friends; but she still finds great ignorance among her Jewish friends. "A lot of them do not even know that the Druse and Circassians are mobilized just like us," she says indignantly.

She describes the minorities unit as "like a family," and Tali the kibbutznik intervenes to suggest that it is "as if we formed a unit from 20 kibbutzim - everyone knows everyone else."

All three girls insist that the atmosphere in the unit is marvelous and they get annoyed with some of their friends who express concern, or others who make innuendoes.



Rav-Turait Tali (above): "Modern does not mean better." And Seren Omar: "They thought I was an Ashkenazi."



"There is a real feeling of mutual respect," says Tali, who was careful at the outset not to give offence, but who now feels that "I can be myself and not put on an act."

RAV-SEREN SELIM, commander of the training base, is a Druse from Yanuah in Western Galilee. At the outset of our conversation, we briefly discussed whether or not the Druse are Arabs, and for a minute I was sure that the good-looking young major with the light brown hair was one of the unit's Jewish officers.

He began his career as an *atufai*, someone whose military service is deferred while he is pursuing his studies - in his case, electrical engineering at the Haifa Technion. The Yom Kippur War put an end to that, and it is still his ambition to return to the Technion within the army framework.

Meanwhile, his advancement has been rapid. Despite the fact that his father served in the army, Selim says that he and other young Druse of his generation were not prepared properly for the IDF.

"I was sent to an NCO's course and then to an officer's course, without really knowing what I was doing. Today it is better. We have Druse high-school children visiting the base here and learning about the army."

Selim served as a training officer for two years and subsequently carried out a number of tasks. He admits to a "special feeling of responsibility" in his current job. "We have that feeling of wanting to prove

ourselves," he says, which leads him to make special efforts.

According to him, the basic training in the minorities unit includes features that other soldiers do not encounter until they start officer training. "I think we demand more of them," he says.

He admits to a feeling of frustration that Moslems and Christians with whom he studied in high school were able to advance their careers while he was compelled to serve in the army for three years.

Selim is acutely aware of the lack of development in his village and other Druse villages in Galilee. The Egged bus will not enter Yanuah because the roads are too bad. But he admits that the situation is improving.

He himself is building a house with a government mortgage. "As a soldier, I get a loan as good as any soldier or ex-soldier," he says, "but my brother, who is four years older than me, did not get one."

He blames his own people as much as the authorities. "We Druse are not *nudniks*," he observes. "We should have demanded more; but we are learning."

OUR VISIT to the base came the day after the unit's annual maneuvers. Aluf-Mishne Gideon was justifiably satisfied that it had gone off well and that the OC Southern Command, who was there, had commented that the unit could compete with any other infantry unit in the IDF.

GEORGE ORWELL was the first victim of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the monumental work that made the English author into a legend. His close friend, Tosco Fyvel, who succeeded him as literary editor of *Tribune* magazine, told me that Orwell had nurtured the idea of the work on the absolute totalitarian society since his encounter with the Soviet commissars in Spain during the Civil War. He was similarly inspired by the Tehran Conference in writing *Animal Farm*. Orwell chose to write *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in his house on the isolated Scottish Isle of Jura. Fredric Warburg, of the publishing firm Secker & Warburg, was unable to find a secretary willing to go out into the wilds to type the manuscript, so Orwell, rendered very weak after hospital treatment for tuberculosis, spent most of 1948 sitting up in bed painfully tapping out the manuscript with two fingers. Fyvel mentioned that years later Warburg confessed to having Orwell's premature death on his conscience. As to the title of the seminal work, Fyvel confirmed that it was definitely linked to the year when Orwell slowly killed himself, working on his most celebrated MS.

I spoke to T.R. Fyvel, as he has always signed himself, during his recent visit here. He came from Washington D.C., where he took part in a symposium on Orwell entitled "Forward From 1984" at the Smithsonian. He found himself drawn willy-nilly into what has virtually become the Orwell industry. There have been, for example, lectures in Stockholm and Paris, a dozen TV programmes in Europe and the U.S., not to mention shoals of newspaper articles in Britain and a series of BBC talks, on his old friend.

In fact Fyvel was ahead of the wave of Orwelliana, bringing out *George Orwell, A Personal Memoir* under the Weidenfeld and Nicolson imprint in 1982. In it he offered an insight into the transformation of Eric Blair into George Orwell, one of the most influential writers of our age. The reader learns of Orwell's deathbed courtship of, and marriage to, his second wife, Sonia. Fyvel was the very last person to talk to Orwell in London's University College Hospital. In their final conversation, Orwell spoke of going to a Swiss sanatorium to recuperate - shades of Mann's *Magical Mountain* - as Fyvel noted in his memoir. He also related that, nearing his death, Orwell urged his wife to suppress his early work when making a new will and literary testament.

ALTHOUGH so many have profited from Orwell since his death made him into a modern legend, in his life he had a very hard time of it, as his classic study on poverty, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, attests. Fyvel says that Orwell made a little money in his lifetime from *Animal Farm*, "but only after it was turned down by 12 American publishers. They found it too short!" Only after his death did Orwell's works bring in a flood of money, and make a fortune for Secker & Warburg. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has sold 10 million copies in the United States alone!

Fyvel recalls how much Orwell suffered because of his honesty about the real nature of Soviet society at the time when Communism was still fashionable in British literary circles. The ultra-left controlled the literary reviews and dominated the actual life in those days, so Orwell was very much out in the cold. Fyvel remembers with bitterness how the Communist literary clique "killed off" Orwell's iconoclastic report on

Orwell's Jewish friend



MARK SEGAL

the Spanish Civil War, *Homage to Catalonia*, and it could not be sold. Orwell's old partner in their Hampstead bookshop, Jon Kimche, had to "reimburse" the copies of what has since become acknowledged as a classic. (Kimche, who was to become a celebrated journalist, is the brother of our Foreign Ministry director-general, David Kimche.)

FYVEL SAYS that Orwell was not interested in Jews as such, but only in the phenomenon of anti-Semitism. He recalls: "As a liberal and well-meaning Englishman he was astonished by anti-Semitism. He used to tell me that he was brought up in the usual English atmosphere of anti-Semitism. Yet he was surrounded by Jews - myself, Warburg, Kimche, Arthur Koestler, etc. He would tell me that anti-Semitism was an integral part of English folklore... There seemed to be two kinds of Jews for him - pedlars and sons of rich families who had hard times at public schools like Eton, which he attended."

Fyvel first met Orwell in wartime London in 1940, and enjoyed a close friendship with him for the next 10 years. With their common publisher and friend, Warburg, they produced the *Searchlight* series on war aims. They both wrote regularly for the left-wing magazine *Tribune*, of which Kimche was deputy editor under the inspiring editorship of the Labour Party radical leader, Aneurin Bevan. Fyvel succeeded Orwell as its literary editor, with the latter contributing a regular column called "As I please..."

According to Fyvel, Orwell disliked the very idea of Zionism. "He only cared about India and the English working class, and fighting colonialism. He saw Zionism through that prism, thinking of the Jews in the category of 'white settlers.' Orwell and Koestler used to argue on the subject. As you may know, Koestler remained a steadfast admirer of Jabotinsky, calling him 'one of the greatest men I've known...'"

Fyvel records that Orwell was convinced that the Jewish problem would be automatically solved by the defeat of Fascism. "It was part of a simplistic and anti-imperialistic outlook on the world. He did not have any illusions about what would happen after colonialism would end. He

perceived the Nazis as the ultimate conclusion of irrationality in modern times," Fyvel says, stressing that "Jews were marginal in his thinking."

As to Orwell's reaction to the Holocaust, Fyvel relates, "He knew about it but had no real sense of the catastrophe's dimensions. It did not sink in. I remember Koestler once telling me, 'Probably Orwell's imagination was limited, as the imagination of each of us is limited. We can produce only a limited amount of calories of indignation...'"

Fyvel wrote in his memoir: "As a friend one took Orwell as he was; and, as if to show that he knew more about such things than one might think, he did call his last rebel in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Emmanuel Goldstein and modelled him on Trotsky..."

TOSCO FYVEL gazes back in humour and tranquillity over 77 years. He has been actively involved in Zionist as well as literary historical events in these decades. In recent years he was literary editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*. He lived in this country in the Thirties, and got to know many of the leading personalities of the *Yishuv*. He moved to London from Cologne, where he was born, via Zurich. His father, Berthold Feivel, was part of the brilliant circle, including Martin Buber, that formed around Chaim Weizmann. Back in 1902, Feivel drafted a pamphlet: *First Design for a Jewish University in Jerusalem*. The original MS. was handed to the Hebrew University archives by his son in the 1950s.

Berthold Feivel (after whom a street is named in Tel Aviv) sought to create a Jewish cultural renaissance through the Jewish Publishing House he founded, and the famous Jewish Almanac he brought out in 1903. In its pages, there appeared for the first time together the most eminent Jewish writers and authors of the time. It included illustrations and sketches by E.M. Lilien, Jozef Israels, Leonid Pasternak, Max Liebermann, Lesser Uri and Mark Antokolsky; poems by Buber, Stefan Zweig, Blalik, and Tchernichowsky; stories by Sholem Aleichem, J.L. Peretz and Shalom Asch, and essays by such thinkers as Ahad Ha'am.

The Zionist editor-publisher met his wife through Weizmann. Esther Schneerson was an early Zionist and a feminist in an environment where such emancipated ideas were regarded as heretical. She was a descendant of the founder of Habad Hassidism. Early in her life, she resolved to break out of the oppressive household of her grandfather's court at Lyady. She managed to acquire a secular education in Minsk, and in 1901 joined Weizmann as his assistant in Geneva. There she encountered her husband-to-be, who together with Buber had rallied to Weizmann's side. After the end of World War I, the Feivels moved from Switzerland to London to be near Weizmann, and it was there that Feivel founded Keren Hayesod.

His son phoneticized the name when serving with the British Army as a Psychological Warfare Officer in Italy and North Africa during the Second World War. Fyvel is amused at the notion that, as one of the few surviving descendants of the Schneerson family, he might even be considered a likely heir to the Habad dynasty, once they start seeking a successor to the present childless Lubavitcher Rabbi. Fyvel thought a much more suitable candidate would be his third cousin, the eminent Anglo-Jewish savant, Sir Isaiah Berlin, president of the Royal Society.

With Fyvel on his annual visit was his wife Mary, the sister of the veteran Tel Aviv lawyer Eli Kirschner. She was sad that so many of their old friends (Lea Ben-Dor for instance) have passed away. His wife and her brother are the children of the late South African Zionist leader Nicolai Kirschner.

Fyvel was still Feivel when he arrived here in the summer of 1930 with letters of introduction to the *Yishuv's* leaders. "Tel Aviv was the gleaming white beginning of a garden city on the sand dunes." His recollections are infused with nostalgia: "Everything was so jolly. The beach was uncluttered and stretched right to the outlet of the Yarkon. Tel Aviv was a small, sleepy town. There was a family atmosphere. One would meet Blalik, Dizengoff and Shmaryahu Levin in a fashionable cafe at the corner of Balfour and Allenby. It was a blessed moment in the early Thirties. Hitler lay ahead and the 1936 Arab disturbances were still in the future."

He reached this country after graduating from Cambridge, "which was still unpolitical in the days before the Wall Street crash. I was lucky that the homosexual element passed me by. We all knew that Keynes and Lytton-Strachey used to trade boy-friends. But their eyes did not light upon me."

In London the son of Berthold Feivel was at home with the historic Zionist leadership. His father used to talk of the early days in Geneva when Weizman, Buber and he would wage money off Motzkin. Nahum Sokolow, a frequent caller, was - he recalls - a marvellous story-teller in nine languages.

IN 1930 or 1931, Fyvel went on a walking tour of Erez Yizre'el, and on reaching Moshav Nahalal called on Shmuel Dayan to whom he had a letter of introduction. "It was quite late when I reached the Dayan home. I heard him call to his eldest son, still a pudgy youth: 'Moshé, let the visitor have your bed.'"

Later he was to get to know Rachel and Zvi Schwartz of Jerusalem, the parents of Moshe Dayan's first wife, Ruth. He remembers Moshe and Ruth on their first visit to London in 1936. "They were the most beautiful couple we'd seen. They rode around town on bicycles. They would chain them to the railings of Smith Square when they called at Lord Melchett's town house. They did the same, chaining their bicycles to lamp-posts

in Piccadilly, when going to the theatre." The latter recollection came with a deep chuckle. Fyvel added: "We come from more innocent days."

During his years in this country, Fyvel got to know the top people. Moshe Sharett, whom he liked, taught him Hebrew. He did not get on with Ben-Gurion, while being deeply impressed by Berl Katznelson. The young Fyvel worked for a time under him at *Davar*, of which he was editor, helping to produce its weekly digest in English under David Horowitz.

He also worked for a time for Golda Meir (then Myerson), when she headed the Tourism Division of the Histadrut at its old head offices on Allenby Street. He did not find it easy to work with Golda: "It was impossible to discuss politics with Golda. She always saw things in black and white." However, he found it much easier to talk with David Ben-Gurion's companion, who was more open-minded. For a time Ben-Gurion wanted him to work for him as his English secretary: "But soon enough we concluded that he didn't really need me."

THE ONE leader with whom he became especially close was Haim Arlosoroff, whom he found a brilliant conversationalist. The Labour Zionist would ask the young English Jew to accompany him on his evening strolls along the Tel Aviv beach (along the same stretch of sand where he was to fall at the hands of assassins). During one such walk, Arlosoroff told him: "There's a war coming and you have to be one of our soldiers." What was his reply? "I told him I'd join them in a few years' time."

He was in London for the publication of his book, *No Ease in Zion*, in 1938. Then he returned to this country, arriving in Jerusalem the day after Neville Chamberlain flew from Munich to London with proclamations of an assured peace from Hitler.

Fyvel met Orde Wingate and his wife Lorna at the home of Reuven and Betty Shiloah. It was there that Wingate urged him to return to London to write about the aims of the coming world war. Fyvel perceived Wingate's genius from the start. "When he launched the Night Fighters, he would tell his sabras 'I don't want any of that Lawrence stuff.' Wingate would constantly tell his men 'you've got to be good soldiers. There's going to be a slaughter of Jews in Europe.' Wingate had the misfortune to be only a captain when the war broke out... We saw him banned from the Middle East and sent back to London where he was put in charge of an anti-aircraft unit on Hampstead Heath."

APPLYING Orwell's perception of the crisis of Liberal humanism and European-style Socialism to Israel's condition, Fyvel remarked "The old ideological batteries need recharging." Israel certainly was part of the broader context of disenchantment that set in after 1945 regarding all the high hopes about the United Nations, a united Europe and the Soviet Union.

The message offered by *Nineteen Eighty-Four* - in Fyvel's mind - is: "We're reduced to certain basics - freedom of speech, equality of impartial justice, and human decency in politics. That's what all the fond hopes of the past have been reduced to... Look around in Israel. There are increasing numbers of your local Khomains trying 'to convert Almighty God into Big Brother, armed with his Thought Police. So beware!"

WHAT HAPPENS when one arrives in Israel with a highly developed sense of order and respect for law, thrift and punctuality, discipline and hard work?

If the idea is to remain and function successfully within what is called the Israeli reality, one learns to adapt, in other words, to master the art of muddling through and dealing with the powers that be.

It is now 50 years since the wave of immigration of Jews from Nazi Germany, and it is the "Yekkes" who most thoroughly (itself a Yekke trait) embody the stern virtues listed above. Some of my best friends are Yekkes, and according to some of those I have questioned about their souls, one flaw in the stereotype of the Jew from Germany is rigidity—a lack of the flexibility required for muddling through and dealing with unwritten laws.

This is why, according to one view of a very complex problem, Israel's German Jews as a group never reached the "power elite"—despite their superior education (certainly superior to the general level of Mandatory Palestine), despite their dedication to achievement and constructive behaviour, and despite the extent to which they influenced the then prevalent norms of the country and, in many areas, the face of the countryside. What is called today "quality of life."

Castling a backward glance across half a century is at best an academic exercise; what is more, I am not at all sure that anything can be learned from the experiences of one immigrant group that can be usefully applied to the absorption process of another. The groups are too different (not to mention the individuals) and conditions and expectations today are not what they were 50 years ago.

But it may be interesting to consider American immigration, such as it is, against the background of the German experience. For American Jews, too, consider themselves well-organized, efficient, punctual, and disciplined—at least by Middle Eastern standards, and now that the hippie generation is past.

The overwhelming difference, of course, is that the German Jews were (often reluctantly) fleeing for their lives. Americans have always known they can go back; today they are cajoled into having vacation homes, or a foothold, or a child or a little business here, because few real commitments appear to be forthcoming. (If not for Hitler, of course, few German Jews would have come to unhygienic Palestine.)

IT IS ALSO interesting—though I haven't a single statistic to prove it—that the great majority of American Jews who did settle here over the decades came from families whose parents or grandparents originated in Eastern Europe, and not Germany. (Shifting political borders in Europe of course encompassed many other communities over the last hundred years; in the United States things were much clearer.)

German Jews escaping from Germany managed to get to America as well as to other countries. I would not presume to generalize about the differences in their collective fates, but I do remember, as a child in California, hearing people complain that the "German refugees" were always complaining that "everything was better in Germany." Those who came here—the Yekkes, because only German Jews who went to Palestine can claim that title—certainly did much less complaining, partly because the decision to come here must have involved some degree of idealism and commitment.

Everything in order



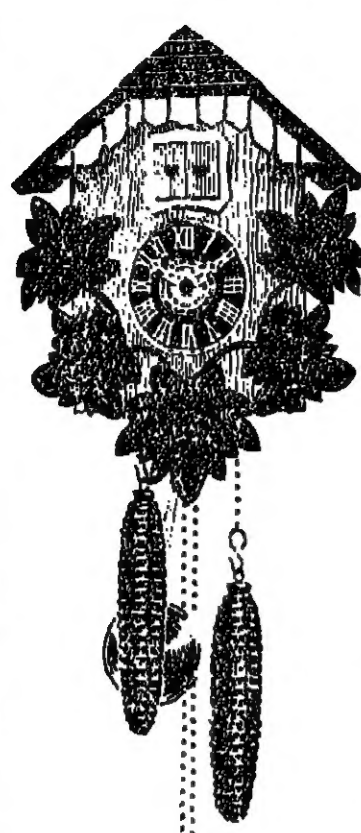
Albert Einstein



Gershom Scholem



Teddy Kollek



Martin Buber



Henry Kissinger



Uri Avneri

Besides it would have been ludicrous to compare, say, Ramat Hasharon of those days with Berlin.

It may be recalled that a much earlier wave of Jewish immigration from Germany to America began many years ago, following the counter-revolution of 1848. They included penniless pedlars; but before too long, all on their own, they became merchant princes. Many made their way to San Francisco, following the gold rush, and by the 1880s were already building themselves magnificent Victorian homes. And where would the world's blue jeans be without such as Levi and Strauss?

The difference between this emigration and the flight from Hitler was, of course, that the former was a self-selected wave of the more ambitious. Those escaping from Nazi Germany tended to be either young Socialist-Zionists who went to kibbutzim, or those few older and wealthier ones who managed to get the "capitalist" certificate.

Anglo-Saxons—that curious term used to describe English-speaking Jews from the United States, England, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and so on—and the "German Cultural Circle," which includes German speakers who may come from Austria and Czechoslovakia as well as Prussia and the rest of Germany proper, share a reputation for not being among the quickest to master Hebrew.

The allegation is unfair; but concerning the Yekkes, there are plenty of jokes about it. One okkie has a

Helga Dudman

German Jew about to go under while swimming off Nahariya. "Haizill!" he cries.

The Yekke on shore answers, "Why did you learn Hebrew? Why not swimming?"

A friend told me that when her grandfather debarked at Haifa years ago and heard, for the first time in his life, the sounds of Hebrew, he exclaimed "This language is not for me." And that was that.

THERE ARE many exceptions to this rule, and many qualifying factors, such as age on arrival here. There are also plenty of theories to explain this Anglo-Yekke weakness. One of the best, I think, is that in their heart of hearts, English and German speakers are both convinced that their mother tongue is the one that counts in the great world of culture, science, and so on. Then, too, they tend to cling together (and to read *The Jerusalem Post*), although the individual who strays into a completely Hebrew-speaking environment will have to change his ways. The Yekke stereotype, too, may be less willing to huddle away with flamboyant grammatical errors than the more slipshod types.

Millions of words have been spilled on the subject of American *aliya* but relatively few on the German wave, the first from an affluent country. Why? It may be because our

typical German is not given to blowing his own horn, to publicizing himself and his problems, let alone his achievements. The German phrase is *Mehr Sein als Scheinen*—being rather than appearing. The word *Schvitz* comes, I gather, via the Yiddish of Eastern Europe, and not from the German for "perspiration," which indicates quiet, honest work.

I have the embarrassing feeling that the Americans, in addition to their sterling virtues of hard work, good organization, attention to detail, and so on, have also been the creative leaders in turning what is called "public relations" into a field requiring professional expertise. This has now taken over the entire world. It may be the other side of a talent which Americans take pride in and Germans do not: inventiveness and the capacity to adapt and improvise, which is the opposite of rigidity. (I am speaking, of course, about traditional America, where the word "pioneer" was in use long before it came to Israel, and not about the world of the IAP—the Jewish American Princess.)

But again, we must be cautious about stereotypes and generalizations. One of the purest Yekke characteristics I ever encountered belonged to a Beduin sheikh, whose habit it was to enter into a series of notebooks every *grish* he expended on each of his several wives. The result was a detailed record over the decades recording how much it cost to buy marmalade for, say, the month of May, 1964 for wives No. 1, 2 and 3.

THIS WHOLE TRAIN of thought, with all its detours and heavy baggage car, is the result of a recent visit to Nahariya, where I had been invited to see the municipality's little museum devoted to the history of German Jews.

My very kind invitation came from its founder and guiding spirit, Yisrael Shiloni, who is now 83, or, as he put it in good Yekke style, "just 16 years short of a hundred."

The invitation, in enthusiastic Yekke-English, informed me that the undersigned are "super-Yekkes, and here in Nahariya, the only town in the world founded by Yekkes, we have a Yekke Museum, the only one in the world! Our purpose is to show who they were, the world they came from, and what they built and achieved after their exodus."

The note was signed by Shiloni and two of his Nahariya museum co-workers, Dr. Ernst Wolff and Rudi Stern.

It is, to be sure, a very modest affair, with no multi-media razzle-dazzle and no attempt to analyze the material. Shiloni carefully explained that it could never dream of achieving what the recent exhibition at Beth Hatefutsoth did. Consisting mostly of pictorial material clipped from newspapers and other sources, arranged by historical period, with a small collection of books, it occupies a small space on the seventh floor of the municipality, where its neighbours are Nahariya's shell collection, and an archeological exhibition. These have long been listed in tourist guides, and serve to show the wide cultural range that marks the resort town founded by German Jews fleeing from Hitler, and now very quietly marking its 50th anniversary.

During its early days in the Thirties, the guide books tell us, Nahariya was unusual for its well-kept small houses and gardens, its German businessmen and musicians and professors tending chickens and cows. Nahariya was very early with tourism, because families rented rooms to visitors and served them very good food. It was also very early with what we now call "quality of life," because that was something the Yekkes made for themselves out of practically nothing.

Founded as a moshava, or farming village, Nahariya today is a city with a population of around 30,000, and its founding families from Germany make up only a tiny portion of its residents. The Ga'ton still flows through it, however, and a surprising number of Nahariyans still ride around on bicycles. It may be the historical aura, but it does seem just a bit more orderly and clean than most Israeli cities.

SPACE for the museum was provided free by the municipality, but all the money for equipment and materials came out of the pockets of Shiloni and his friends. "We bought these stands for the exhibits, and we carried them up on our shoulders," explained Shiloni, who was a mere 70 at the time. "That was because on the first day they arrived the elevator wasn't working, and the second day, when it was, we found they were too large to fit in."

The idea for the project had been born 15 years earlier, on the occasion of a conference of the Leo Baeck Institute in Jerusalem, on subjects of interest to German Jewry here. "Announcements in the newspapers said that all speeches would be translated into English and Hebrew, and when I arrived at the Van Leer Institute, where the conference was being held, it was packed with Yekkes sitting expectantly in their seats.

"Then came the blow. It was announced that all the Hebrew speeches would be translated into English, and vice versa. Nothing in German. An audible wave of disappointment swept through the audience. But of course, they all sat there politely and with great discipline throughout the proceedings. I decided, then and there, to do something for and about the German-speaking community in Israel, and in their own language."

Explanations at the museum in Nahariya appear in all three languages. As it turned out, however, by far the most frequent visitors are not local Yekkes, but tourists from Germany.

Plenty of food for thought is available even from this modest presentation. Emphasis is on the roots of German Jewry, with brief glimpses of the personalities and events of the periods of Absolutism, the Emancipation, and of course, the wars.

Grouped together are the wars of 1813 (the still disunited German states on various sides of combat with France, Russia, and England); the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when, according to reports in the museum, some 1,200 Jews fought for the German emperor; and World War I, "when the German patriotism of the Jews reached a climax."

Shiloni points to an old 1914 photograph taken on Unter den Linden, showing a girl kissing goodbye to a spike-helmeted soldier on horseback, joyously off to defend the Kaiser. "Goebbels used this one as propaganda, to show how good Germans have always rushed to the colours—until it was learned that this soldier happened to be a Jew."

According to photo historian Tim

Gidal, Shiloni added, this old soldier was, when last heard of, aged about 90 and living in Tel Aviv. Shiloni himself, by the way, is one of a dwindling group, never very large, who served in the German Army in World War I and in the British Army in World War II.

Rejoicing in the opportunities open to them in pre-Hitler Germany, the Jews were outstanding in all fields. This made them for decades the envy of the Jews of Eastern Europe and, of course, eventually the object of hatred in Germany. In the army, their rise and zealous patriotism were at the time unequalled anywhere.

The widow of a pilot in the famous Flying Squadron of Baron Manfred von Richtofen, said Shiloni, lived in Nahariya. Otto Liman van Sanders, the German general who reorganized the Turkish army in 1913 and commanded the Turks in their sullen fight against the Allies at Gallipoli in 1915, appears in the Nahariya Museum, although as a converted Jew.

THIS YEKKE net is, in fact, spread very wide; the criterion seems to be simply "German-speaker." Thus, among other converted Jews, we meet the father of Johann Strauss the Elder who, it turns out, was the son of a baptized Jewish father. It is a novel idea to register a 25 per cent claim to Viennese waltzes; but strictly speaking, no Austrians belong in Yekkedom. Their (stereotyped) character is vastly different; there is flair and charm, but in contrast to German *Ordnung* we have *Wienerische Schlamperei*—Viennese Sloppiness.

Still, Teddy Kollek is in the

Nahariya Museum. He was born in Vienna, with all of the Viennese style of achieving things, but at the same time his capacity for work is super-Yekke. The museum likes to point to Shilomo "Chich" Lahat as a second big-city mayor, but I am told that his German is extremely poor. Still, relaxing the rules and taking the wide Nahariya Museum definition, the list makes one quite giddy. Here, in no particular order, we find:

Uri Avneri, Ezriel Carlebach, Josef Burg, Henry Kissinger, Arthur Ruppin, Erich Moller, Richard Strauss (of the Strauss chairs of Nahariya), Emin Pasha (born Eduard Schnitzer, governor of the Sudan in the last century), Paul Julius Reuter (the founder of the telegraphic news agency), Gershom Scholem, Gershom Schocken, Reuven Hecht, Stef Wertheimer and Haim Arlossoff. And these are just random jottings from a very brief visit.

In a concise and thought-provoking article on the Jews of Germany in Israel, which appeared in *Haaretz* back in 1970, Gershom Schocken (editor of that newspaper, whose name, of course, appears above) listed all the fields in which they had been successful in Germany and in which they had pioneered after coming here. Then he pointed to their amazing absence from the "power elite." True, German Jews were from the beginning in the forefront of the academic world here, and a young presence in the Supreme Court. The office of the Government Comptroller was something of a "nature reserve" for the diligent Yekke personality. But none of these are areas where effective and

crucial decisions are made.

Schocken uses a far more precise measure of who may be called a German Jew. His definition is simply: one who was born in Germany, to parents born in Germany, within the borders of 1937. Of the three prominent figures whose photos appear with that article (Buber, Einstein, and Nahum Goldmann), Schocken notes that Buber was born in Galicia and Goldmann in Lithuania. Only Albert Einstein was by this standard a "German Jew."

Schocken was writing 35 years after the start of the German *aliya*, when Israel's power elite was still almost impenetrably Eastern European. There has been something of a change in the fabric since then, but not in the direction of Prussia. He stresses the great expectations at the start of the German wave, noting the admiration and envy with which the Jews of Eastern Europe had viewed the cultural advances of the Jews of Germany. He describes their brave starts here in a scene of industries, followed by their withdrawal from control in most cases. Even in the field of music, unquestionably a German stronghold, there was this strange fact: the Israel Symphony, created to help save Jews from Germany, was actually founded by a Polish Jew, Bronislaw Huberman.

In the Israel Defence Forces the German Jews and their children naturally served in all units and ranks, and were prominent in elite combat units, perhaps because of their wide membership in kibbutzim. And naturally, many became officers, and some very high-ranking ones. But they gravitated towards service and staff functions (Aluf (Res.) Dan Lerner was born in Aus-

triat); and in all fields they excelled as advisers, middle-echelon executives, assistants to the decision makers. Nobody ever asked when we would have a Yekke chief-of-general-staff, although we recently had an American-raised (but East European-born) minister of defence.

NAHARIYA'S children, whatever their parents' national origin, have apparently been given little impetus to investigate their city's past, though this has been done elsewhere with some excellent results. (Twenty years ago, a Migdal schoolgirl did research on Migdal's history, uncovering some valuable photographs; her work is now part of the National Archives.)

In Nahariya, "Tante Louise" Cohen, born in Luebeck, died a few years ago at the age of 101. Interviews with people like her by local students could make a significant addition to the little museum in more ways than one.

One topic for such research comes easily to mind: a good collection of Yekke jokes and vignettes gleaned from early sources. That they are still around was proved when I was leaving after my short visit to the museum. There were five of us waiting for the elevator, and when it arrived I noted that the sign inside said six passengers. Hoping to get into the Yekke spirit, I said, "Isn't it lucky that there are just five of us, and so we're well within the law."

"Ah," said Dr. Wolff (formerly responsible for Nahariya's water supply, and therefore known locally as "Wasserwolff"), blue eyes twinkling, "but we are only five—so we'll have to wait for a sixth."

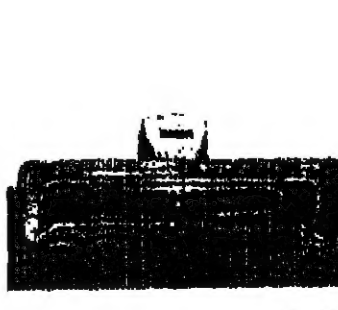
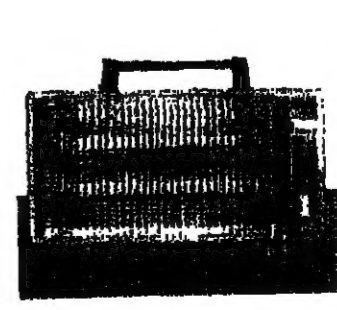
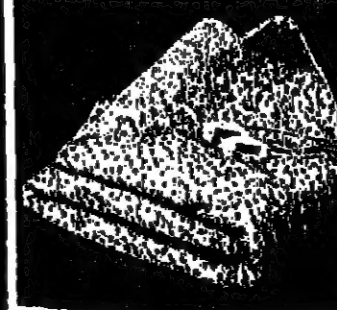
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—UMOR—

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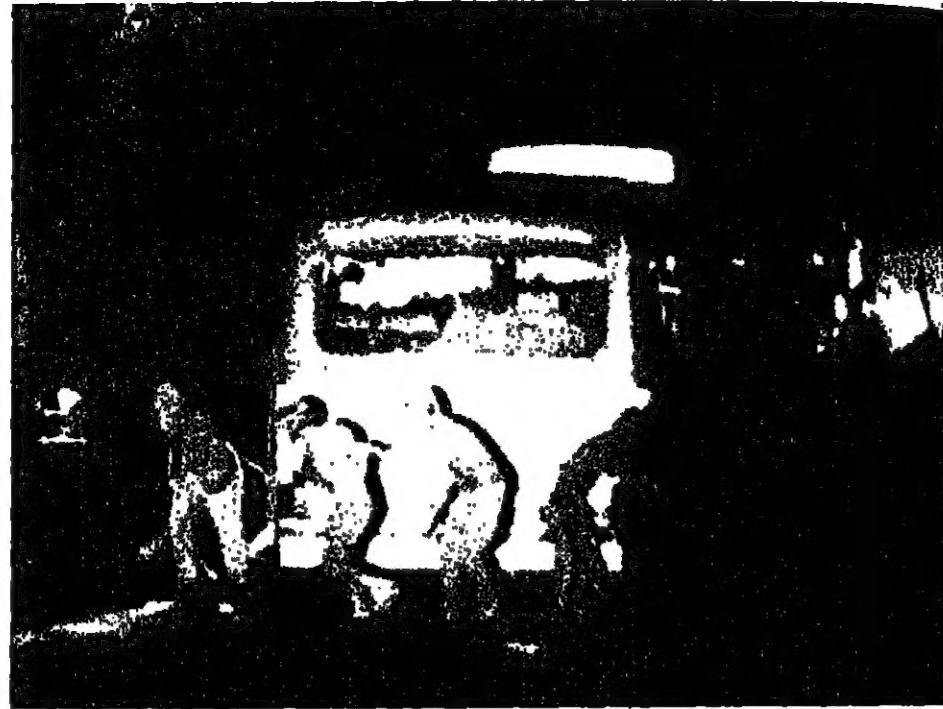
THE YEAR THAT WAS



Orwell's year: a profitable media peg.



The real stories: famine in Africa.



Terror on the No. 300 bus to Ashkelon.

(Photograph by Andre Brutmann)



(Above left) Contesting the Labour Party leadership: Shimon Peres and Yitzhak Navon. (Above right) Ezer Weizman returns to politics. (Below) Election day (July 23): Smiling anticipation (Peres and Shamir); bitter aftertaste (Meir Kahane); messy aftermath.



(Photographs by David Rubinger, Zoom 80, Andre Brutmann, David Rubinger, Rahamin Israel.)



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

"LITURGICA 1984" OPENING CONCERT - The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Conductor Sir David Willcocks. With the Bach Choir (London). T. Händel: Judas Maccabaeus (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ORGAN RECITAL - John Scott. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Peter Eben, Liszt. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

GREEK BYZANTINE CHOIR - Conductor Lycourios Angelopoulos. A cappella concert. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Sunday)

PIANO RECITAL - Menahem Pressler. (Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem, Sunday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Gary Bertini. With the Bach Choir (London), plus local choirs and soloists. Mozart: Requiem, K. 626; Seder: Midnight Vigil. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Monday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - With the Stuttgart Kammerchor. J.S. Bach: Mass in B minor. (Jerusalem theatre, Tuesday)

ROSARY SONATAS - By H.F. Biber. With Avi Abramovitch, violin; Elisabeth Roloff, organ. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE STUTTGART KAMMERCHOR - Conductor Frieder Bernius. A cappella works by Schumann, Brahms, Schenker, Reger, Mendelssohn. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Wednesday)

IVO POGORELICH - Piano recital. Works by Haydn, Chopin, Beethoven, Prokofiev. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Avi Ostrovsky. With the Bach Choir (London). Dvorak: Stabat Mater. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday)

CHILDREN SING AND PLAY LITURGICA - Orchestra from Bonn plus local choirs. Works by Telemann, Mozart, Faure. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 7 p.m.)

THE BACH CHOIR (LONDON) - Conductor Sir David Willcocks. With the brass section of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra. Works by Bruckner, Elzethman songs, English madrigals. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Thursday)

NEW YEAR'S EVE CLASSICAL CONCERT - Local and overseas artists (Ramat Hasharon, Yavot, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

OTHERS

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL - Diana Cohnesko and Rudika Yankovitch. Works by Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy. (Ramat Hasharon, Yavot, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GREEK BYZANTINE CHOIR - See Jerusalem. (Tabgha, Byzantine Church, tomorrow)

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Tel Aviv area

BEERSHEVA DUO - Sara Fuxon-Hayman - Berta Bernas, piano. Works by Jean Da Oz, Ravel, Gilels, Messiaen. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SINGERS OF PRAISE CHOIR - Works by Bach, Handel, Praetorius. Songs of the Nativity. (Old Jaffa, Emmanuel Church, 9 p.m., tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Raymond Leppard. Soloist Shella Armstrong, soprano. Handel works. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

THE STUTTGART KAMMERCHOR - See Jerusalem. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, Monday)

IVO POGORELICH - See Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday)

CLASSICAL GUITAR CONCERT - With Italian duo. Works by Berti, Rodrigo, Giuliani, Villa Lobos. (Beit Levisin, Upper Celler, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Yoav Talmi. Soloist Murray Perahia, piano. Works by Beethoven, Shostakovich, Israeli works. (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday, Thursday)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Stanley Sperber. Soloist Daniel Binyamin, violin. Works by Beethoven, Glazunov, Hindemith, Haydn. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

CHURCH CONCERT - Eli Freid, organ; Yara Wine, flute. Works by Bach and others. (Sheila Mark Church, Thursday at 7 p.m.)

IVO POGORELICH - See Jerusalem. (Haifa Auditorium, Thursday)

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Clara Harris and Paul Silber in a scene from 'Marguerite and Faust' performed at Purgod, Jerusalem, tomorrow.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Purgod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

INNOCENT OF CRIME - Danny Sanderson's new cabaret. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Chodrone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlat Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MAIKA - With new Dancers. Yeshiva Band. 15th Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TOFA'AH - Jewish music by women for women only. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BEHIND THE NIGHT - Solo show with Hava Alberstein. (Tzavta, Monday at 10 p.m.)

BEHIND THE NIGHT - Musical programme with Hava Alberstein and Shlomo Chodrone. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 8.30 and 11.30 p.m.)

BECHT, WEILL, EVENING - Songs and poems. (Beit Levisin, Upper Celler, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

CORINNE ELAL - Programme of songs. (Beit Levisin, Monday at midnight)

DUOS AND QUARTETS - Folk songs with the Duet and The Quartet. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10.30 p.m.)

GULFAR HAPPENING - With Haddi Omer and Friends. Spanish and gypsy music. (Beit Levisin, Upper Celler, tonight at 10 p.m.)

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - Solo show with singer Sandra Johnson. (Rehovot, Mifet, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING - (Old Jaffa, Hashimiah, tonight at midnight, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano, Albert Pimental, flute, clarinet; Teddy King, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, in Dvora, Zipporah Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

ROTATION SATIRE - Tuvia Tsafir, Meni Peet. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow, Monday at 10 p.m.)

OTHERS

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Elit, Mifet, Hashimiah, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING - Hosted by pianist Ofer Portugali. (Ramat Hasharon, Yavot, tomorrow at 11 p.m.)

JAZZ CONCERT - With End of the Season. (Ramat Hasharon, Yavot, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

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APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Elit, Mifet, Hashimiah, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

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OTHERS

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THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ALL THE GALILEAN - El-Hakawati Theatre production about Palestinian identity. (Arabic; English translation available). (El-Hakawati, Salah e-din/Nahlat, tonight, tomorrow at 7 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENGHIS COHEN - Beit Levisin production. A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the Fifties. (Gerald Behar, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHEITTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARGUERITE AND FAUST - The eternal legend of Faust interpreted by Paul Silber and Clara Harris. (In English). (Purgod, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

"TEHILA" - By Shai Agnon. Khan Theatre production. A combination of satirical Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA

AKEDA - Neve Zedek production. Two bereaved fathers talk. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI OR THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Levisin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Nahlat, tomorrow, at 8.30 p.m.; Beit Levisin, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO - By David Mamet. Beit Levisin production. A portrait of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Beit Levisin, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS - By Neil Simon. Habimah production. Comedy and cynicism in the memoirs of Brooklyn in 1937. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 6 and 9.15 p.m.; Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE CHINESE KNIFE GRINDER - Yuval Theatre production. (Tel Aviv, 1942, in the shadow of W.W.II. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENGHIS COHEN - See Jerusalem. (Beit Levisin, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE SCHOOL - By Nathan Zohar. Cameri production. About various life experiences one goes through. (Tzavta, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

FRENCH ROULETTE - Cameri production. A comedy. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

HOLE IN LOVE - One-man monodrama. (Tzavta, tonight at midnight)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WIDOW AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Ha-shanah production. (Old Jaffa, Hashimiah, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MARGINAL CASE - Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tawil. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE - Comedy by

Shakespeare produced by the Cameri Theatre (Cameri, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

NIGHT PEOPLE - Short stories by Shmuel Mizelponki. Tzavta production. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

"SHIM" - The passions and struggles of 3 smelly workers. (Old Jaffa, Hashimiah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY - Beit Levisin production. Fight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way. (Beit Levisin, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

WAR AT HOME - By James Duff. Habimah production. A U.S.A. soldier adjusting to life in Dallas after Vietnam. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ZEHAVA AND HER THREE HUSBANDS - About a war widow. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Elufu

LES - Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Hakawati Theatre, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

OTHERS

THE ELEPHANT MAN - Beersheba Municipality Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1923. (Beersheba, Theatre, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHEITTO - See Jerusalem. (Beersheba, Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 1000' in Jerusalem Cinema

Fri., Dec. 28
Double feature / 1 ticket
1981, 2:10
THE BLUE LIPS
Sat., Dec. 29
THE DAY AFTER 7:30, 9:30
See daily listing for week day films

BET AGRON
Morris Schauer Auditorium
8th week
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9
1984

* RICHARD BURTON
* JOHN HURT
Weekdays 5
ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE

EDEN
3rd week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON
5th week
WOMAN IN RED
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA
2nd week
OUR MAN FROM BOND STREET
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sat. 8:30, THE CHUSSEN
Sun., Thur. 3:30
CINDERELLA
Tue. 8:30
I LOVE YOU CARMEN

KFIR
3rd week
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL
3rd week
CARMEN
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9

ORGIL
HARRY AND SON
* PAUL NEWMAN
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION
6th week
GHOST BUSTERS
They're Here to Save the World
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
3rd week
TIGHTROPE
Sat. and weekdays 6:45, 9
5th and last week
Mnt. 4:01
RAGE AND GLORY
Tickets 15800 (mat.)

RON
14th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMIADAR
4th week
A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
Sat. and Weekdays 7:15, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM
HINYEKI HA'UMA
2nd week
The Mena House
HORSE FEATHERS
Sat. and Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
NINE TO FIVE
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BEN-YEHUDA
9th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10:12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BETH HATEFUTSOT
Two, 8:30
RABBI ABRAHAM IN THE WILD WEST

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
3rd week
TIGHT ROPE
Fri. 4:50 p.m., 12:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:20, 9:40
Weekdays 4:40, 7:20, 9:40

CHEN 2
10th week
REUBEN REUBEN
Tonight 10:12, 12:15
Sat. 7:20, 9:40
Weekdays 4:45, 7:20, 9:40

CHEN 3
3rd week
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Tonight 9:45
Sat. 7:15
Weekdays 4:35, 7:15

CHEN 4
5th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Tonight 9:50, 12:15
Sat. 7:20, 9:45
Weekdays 4:30, 7:10, 9:40, 7:25, 9:40

CHEN 5
5th week
SPLASH
Tonight 9:50, 12:20
Sat. 7:20, 9:40
Weekdays 4:30, 7:10, 9:40, 7:25, 9:40

DEKEL
5th week
TROUBLE IN PARADISE
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30

CINEMA ONE
FORCED VENGEANCE
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO
LA TRAVIATA
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30

DRIVE-IN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
HIGH ROAD FIGHTERS
Sat. and weekdays 5:30
HERCULES
Fri. 12:15 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight
Sex Film
Tel. 225610

ESTHER
3rd week
ELECTRIC DREAMS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 1:30, 7:15, 9:30

GAT
8th week
CARMEN
by Georges Bizet
Directed by Francesco Rosi
* JULIA ROBERTS
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 3:30, 6:30, 9:30

GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
4th week
* RICHARD BURTON
1984
Sat. 7:20, 9:35
Weekdays 4:45, 7:30, 9:35

HOD
12th week
TOP SECRET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

LEVI
14th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Tonight 9:30, 11:30
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

LEV II
9th week
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
Tonight 9:30, 11:30
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 1:45, 5:30, 7:30, 9:40

LIMOR
2nd week
HIGH ROAD FIGHTERS
Tonight 10:12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

MAXIM
38th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

ONLY
5th week
THE BOUNTY
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

PARIS
7th week
ATALIA
Tonight 10:12 midnight
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 12:20, 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

MOGRABI
6th week
GHOST BUSTERS
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

PEER
Israeli premiere
Friday night 10
Saturday 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NO TIME FOR TEARS
A True Story
The Bachmeier Trial, the trial that shook Europe. All about the mother who took the law into her own hands.

SHAHAF
3rd week
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE
Tonight 10:12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 8:30

STUDIO
7th week
KARATE KID
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TAMUZ
Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
2nd week
Tonight 10:12, Sat. 1:30, 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 7:30, 9:30

KOYAANISQATSI
4th week
THE HERD
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV
3rd week
MISSING IN ACTION
Today 2:15, 10:12 midnight
Sun., Tue., Wed., Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Mon. 4:30, 7, 9
Sat. 11 a.m. BOY TAKES GIRL

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
8th week
LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

ZAFON
11th week
PARIS, TEXAS
Tonight 10
Sat. 6:45, 9:30
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9:30

ARMON
6th week
GHOST BUSTERS
They are here to save the world
* DAVE ACKROYD
* BILL MURRAY
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 11 a.m., 4, 6:45, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
* SYLVESTER STALLONE
* DAVID CARRADINE
In a smashing adventure
LES SEIGNEURS DE LA ROUTE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

BET ABBA KHUSHY
Sat. 5:
THE KING AND MR. BIRD
Sat. 7, 9:
Weekdays 9
BETRAYAL
by H. Pinter

CHEN
14th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

MORIAH
ATALIA
7, 9
Thur., MIDNIGHT SHOW
Sat. 11 a.m.:
CHILDREN'S FILM AND MAGIC SHOW

ORAH
8th week
WOMAN IN RED
A terrific comedy
* KELLY LE BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

ONLY
2nd week
REUBEN REUBEN
Sat. 7, 9:15:
Weekdays 6:45, 9

PEER
3rd week
THE KARATE KID
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

RON
3rd week
MISSING IN ACTION
* CHUCK NORRIS
Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

SHAVIT
4th week
1984
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9
Mat. 5
THE KING AND MR. BIRD

OASIS
6th week
GHOST BUSTERS
Tonight 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 11:40, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Thur. 11 a.m.

ORDEA
4th week
TOP SECRET
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT GAN
3rd week
KARATE KID
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30
Sun., Wed. 4:30, 7, 9:30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
3rd week
SPLASH
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HECHAL
3rd week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TIFERET
AGAINST ALL ODDS
7:15, 9:15

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
3rd week
TIGHTROPE
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
4:30: THAT DARN CAT

SAVOY
7th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight, 10
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

TOM SAWYER
Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 4:30

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
2nd week
MISSING IN ACTION
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
3rd week
TIGHTROPE
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

MARY POPPINS
Weekdays 4:30

LILY
8th week
WOMAN IN RED
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
GET CRAZY
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

You've seen the pictures. Now read a book.

See The Jerusalem Post special book offer notice in today's paper.

This Week in Israel • Th

JERUSALEM SHOPPING



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FILMS IN BRIEF

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a nightclub owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the circumstances of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

ATALIA - A Hebrew-language film on a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old man, set against the background of kibbutz life. Starring Michael Hasi-Aslam.

BETRAYAL - A Sam Spiegel production of the Harold Pinter play. The story of a rather conventional marriage involving two male best friends and the wife of one of them, but presented in reverse chronological order. Starring Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley and Patricia Hodge.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barakshi deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics Prize in Venice.

BROADWAY DANNY ROSE - Woody Allen's new film, narrated by an out of work comic, about a group of third-rate artists, managed by Danny Rose, trying to make a living. Amusing, intelligent, sensuously told story, which should leave Woody fans happy.

CARMEN - Screen version of the opera by Georges Bizet. Successful rendition, true to the original by Bizet, with rich characters. Excellent camerawork contributes to an extremely enjoyable film.

ELECTRIC DREAMS - About a confused youth who buys a personal computer to insert some order into his confused life. Which of course doesn't work. Neither does the movie.

FUNNY PEOPLE II - A new collection of candid camera sequences by South African filmmaker Jamie Uys.

GHOSTBUSTERS - Enlightening things are happening in New York City. Most of the citizens are too petrified to do anything. But not the three young scientists who form a group called the Ghostbusters, who aim to save the world. With Dan Ackroyd.

HARRY AND SON - Produced and directed by Paul Newman, who plays a widowed man out of a job. Adding to his frustration is his son, whose ways are anathema to his father. Very good film portraying the poverty of their relationship.

THE HERD - Award-winning film written by the scriptwriter of "Yol." A tragedy, taking place in Turkey, about the marriage of a shepherd and his wife from a rival family. A rough, gritty film that can't be described as enjoyable.

I LOVE YOU CARMEN - Directed by Carlos Saura, based on the opera, with music by Bizet. Skillful sympathetic camera-work makes this film good entertainment.

KARATE KID - A kid is brought, against his will, to sunny California. After being beaten up, he is introduced to the world of Karate. Lots of action in this well-produced film add to its box office success.

THE KING AND MISTER BIRD - A French animation feature using a Hans Christian



Clint Eastwood in 'Tightrope', which he also produced and directed.

Anderson tale as the starting point. A parable about detachment, upping and dextension. Very intellectually pursued with high poetic visual standards of animation.

KOYAANISQATSI - A panoramic look at life in modern America without any commentary or plot. Utilizing slow motion, time-lapse photography, it visualizes the world of modern life, from the city to the countryside. A totally captivating film-people's experience.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Francesco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's tones, larger-than-life, lush opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

LOS SANTOS INOCENTES (THE HOLY INNOCENTS) - Set in Spain in the Sixties, about a family of youths in conflict with the land owners. Very well-shot film, but difficult to conclude about it.

MISSING IN ACTION - Chuck Norris plays the role of Colonel Braddock, the man who won't take 'no' for an answer as he sets out to rescue American POWs in Vietnam. A Golden Globe production. Filled with action, never a dull moment.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, zany adventure of a young New York writer who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburban intelligent entertainment.

REUBEN REUBEN - Tom Courteney plays a down pat, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpus. Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburban intelligent entertainment.

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SPLASH - Walt Disney's comedy about an unlikely romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY - Tale of one soul, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur L'admiral, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

TIGHTROPE - Clint Eastwood plays a police officer, abandoned by his wife, employing the services of the local ladies of the night. Investigating a series of murders of prostitutes, he is forced to face his own worst self, and we see his despair as he reaches the dark side of his nature. Average film.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to return a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. Amusing, light entertainment, certainly nothing more.

WOMAN IN RED - American adaptation of a French bedroom farce. Gene Wilder directs and plays the male lead, applying his own unique brand of hysterical frenzy to the flimsy plot. No great shakes.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9:30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9:30 a.m. The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter, Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9:30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9:30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).

Tel Aviv/Jaffa

Monday at 10 a.m. - Legendary and traditional Jaffa. Meet at Clock Tower Square, Jaffa.

Monday at 2 p.m. - Pioneers and Dreamers: Tel Aviv and Jaffa. Meet at Clock Tower Square, Jaffa.

Thursday at 2 p.m. - Urban development of Tel Aviv. Meet at Shalom Tower, Gate 5.

Thursday at 3:30 p.m. - Tel Aviv - now! Meet at entrance to T.A. Museum. Tickets on the spot.

Haifa

"Sabbath Morning Walk" - Tomorrow at 10:00 a.m. till 1:00 p.m. from Panorama Rd. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass., includes museums, Baha'i Shrine and gardens and others.

Safed

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-20418.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 11:30 a.m., Friday at 9:30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Hurst House, Cardo.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8:45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m. - City of David, Area "G." Hezekiah's Tunnel, Pool of Silwan.

Monday, Wednesday at 8:45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Tuesday, Thursday at 2 p.m. - Christian and Muslim Quarters.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

IN THE PAST, we have become embroiled in many public and private discussions concerning "Christian" music (not to mention "anti-Semitic" or even "obscene" music, which cropped up in another context), and the advisability of its performance in Israel, by Jews, for Jews, because of textual and, in some cases, historical associations.

Years ago we witnessed heated demonstrations of yeshiva students against certain phrases in *The Messiah* and *The St. John Passion*, which first brought this problem into the limelight. Yet our orchestras and choirs perform the great works of the Christian liturgy—Masses, Requiems, Magnificats, Glorias, Credo, Te Deum—throughout the regular season, without ever raising the public's eyebrows.

For the last six years, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra has organized under the title *Liturgia* a festival of vocal music during the Season of Light (Hanukkah/Christmas) bringing to Israel a number of excellent choirs who celebrate their festivals in the Holy Land.

Attempts were always made to create a balance of musical offerings between the three religions; but regrettably, the Moslems are unable to participate because Islam has no liturgical music in our meaning of the term (choirs, orchestras, musical

Misplaced zeal

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

forms, etc.). When, some years ago, an evening of cantorial music was added to the programme to give representation to Jewish religious practices, the chief rabbis went out of their way to pressure the *hazanin* to cancel their appearances because of the "Christian nature" of the event.

THE CONTROVERSY has been revived once again, this year with an interview published last Friday in *The Jerusalem Post* in which the interviewee, a member of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, objected to the "idolatrous" nature of the music and decided the fact that only one Jewish work is included in this year's *Liturgia*.

Does anybody really believe that listening to this music can compromise our belief in our religion? Should we be denied the pleasure of listening to some of the most sublime music in the world because of the singing of some words of the Christian credo to which we do not subscribe?

It is an undeniable fact that this

kind of music has a tremendous attraction for our music-loving audiences—among which, by the way, there are always quite a few people with skulls for whom listening to a Mass or a Requiem apparently does not present a problem! (I remember an ugly demonstration in Jerusalem's Binyanei Ha'uma last year, when an American choir from Utah presented *The Messiah* and many religious listeners tried to subdue the youthful objectors who wanted to stop the performance.)

As to the objection to the death of Jewish works, the protester, being an active musician himself, knows perfectly well that our Jewish/Israeli composers unfortunately do not have the same magic drawing-power as Bach, Mozart, Bruckner and others of their calibre. Attempts at organizing weeks of Israeli music foundered for lack of public support. This fault cannot be laid at the door of our own local composers; the same fate meets similar attempts elsewhere, in every country, where performances of exclusively national or contemporary works are not

appreciated by audiences at large.

The fact that tickets for this year's *Liturgia* were all sold out days before the festival begins tomorrow night speaks for itself. And since the orchestra's musicians have been given a free choice not to participate in the performances if they offend their religious susceptibilities, all the rules of democracy and human rights seem to have been observed.

If the right of people aspiring to a more inter-denominational musical culture to hear and enjoy these works is threatened by a tiny minority of zealots, this is a warning signal not to be ignored.

We could soon have courts of inquisition into the lives and opinions of every composer to establish whether they ever uttered anti-Semitic remarks or even entertained such thoughts in order that our chief rabbis might decide whether their works could be performed before Israeli audiences.

WHEN YEHUDA FICKLER, the director of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, was recently in the U.S., he was approached by several choirs about the possibility of performing *The Messiah* or the *Bach Passions*. He pointed out the textual spots which are repugnant to Jewish beliefs and which have caused trouble in the past. A suggestion was made to have an eminent rabbi and a

Christian theologian go over the texts and make slight changes which would, without prejudicing the music, eliminate the cause of friction between adherents of the different faiths.

As this has been done before, even in Germany (before the Nazi regime), in the case of *The Messiah*, this avenue should be explored as it may be a way out of the dilemma. It would satisfy the very observant among us, and would not rob the huge majority of music lovers of the opportunity to hear some of the world's greatest music.

And as for balance—why not have Darius Milhaud's excellent *Sacred Service* or his opera *David* which was premiered in Jerusalem in 1954 in a concert performance under the baton of Georg Singer and in the presence of the composer? There are surely plenty of other works on biblical subjects, by Jewish and gentile composers, suitable for inclusion in this festival. The guardians of our souls should not be allowed to interfere in things cultural (it's bad enough that they do in politics) and dictate to the general public what they should hear.

We would be much the poorer without all those marvellous works written and inspired by the Church, as they are part and parcel of the best in musical creation throughout the centuries.

Super macho

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

IT IS about time for someone to write a book about Clint Eastwood's films. It would include those he starred in, and those he produced or directed. *Tightrope* may not be quite the film to prompt such a study for it is far from perfect. However, it certainly contains enough scenes of high quality to confirm the opinion that Eastwood may well be, to quote the *New York Magazine* reviewer David Denby, "the last serious man working in Hollywood."

This may not be a quite accurate opinion, since Eastwood has kept away from LA for the last 15 years, and goes there only when absolutely necessary. He prefers his ranch and solitude in the Carmel Valley, near San Francisco. Yet Eastwood is a Hollywood product, whether he likes it or not, packaged for immediate consumption according to all the standard proceedings of the film industry, and all the wealthier for that.

Unlike most of his peers, Eastwood has exploited his success to carve his own niche. He has allowed himself to explore all sorts of side issues, while hiding most of the time behind the comfortable front that has won him so many admirers: the tough, silent, determined, unbeatable guy, the super-macho in an age of weaklings.

From the moment he rode into the field of a movie camera, wearing a dirty poncho, a black, wide-brimmed worn-out hat, a week-old beard, and chewing a cheap cigar in a spaghetti western called *For a Few Dollars More*, he has never looked back. At that time, he was just another handsome, muscular American actor, with a supporting role in a long-running TV western (*Rawhide*), and casting around for that extra buck. After Sergio Leone had finished with him, he was an overnight idol after many years in the shadows.

Back in America, he placed himself in the hands of Don Siegel, one of the most impeccable professionals in Hollywood since the end of World War II. At the same time, he was bringing in millions in action-packed movies such as *Coogan's Bluff* and *Two Mules for Sister Sarah*, where he deliberately caricatured his Leone image (first as a Western sheriff riding into New York, then as a desperado falling for the fancy tricks of a fake nun), and punched and shot his way through swarms of villains, he was carefully learning his trade. It needed a lot of gumption for this much-admired macho to accept the role in *The Beguiled* by Siegel. He had to work without a safety net in this film, that is, abandon his mask of febrile activity, and act the role of a Federal soldier toyed with by a cluster of Southern belles, who don't care overmuch about war or politics but do want to hold on to their prize male, who foolishly believes he is toying with them. They need him as their very own pet. As expected, the film was not a hit (a rare exception in Eastwood's career since 1970), but it is a fascinating study in misogyny and the efficient destruction of a public image.

ALL THIS was before Eastwood converted himself into a director and producer. Since then, in movies that oscillated between action thriller (the Dirty Harry series) and action slapstick (Any Which Way But Loose and sequel), he has managed the difficult act of balancing his heroic image with its parody, while displaying some of the qualities he discovered while working with Siegel. He achieved a spare, efficient, punch-delivering style, which visually is always fascinating, and an astonishing sense of space and frame construction in what is exploitation cinema. His films have a breathtak-

ing pace, and achieve startling forays into surrealism, whether in a whole town painted red at the end of *High Plains Drifter* or the wreck of a bullet-riddled bus driving on, maintained as it were by an unnatural spirit, in *The Gump*.

These remarks are to indicate that I have always had a great deal of admiration for Eastwood and his work, and I am glad to note I am not that much of an exception anymore. However, *Tightrope* is rather a shaky film in several places, and for the following reason. It is one of those instances—there have been several praiseworthy acts of this kind on his part—where Eastwood has given a chance to a young talented person who had worked with him previously, in another capacity. Richard Tuggle, who directs the film, wrote the script for the gripping *Escape from Alcatraz* some years ago, but that film was directed by Don Siegel, who must have been largely responsible for its success. This time, Eastwood, who has been his own producer for the last 14 years, allows Tuggle to direct, with results that clearly indicate he is still a tyro, though probably a gifted one. Certainly he begins with an exciting premise though he proceeds rather raggedly to the climax. Of course, an effective climax can be expected. For no one would conceive Eastwood losing the last round. The audiences would simply ask for its money back, and Eastwood, the producer, is too shrewd to stack the cards against Eastwood the actor.

IN *Tightrope*, he plays a police officer. Nothing new in that. But he is no longer a clearly-defined Harry Callaghan, and no longer determined to eliminate all wrong-doers (the single-mindedness had been blunted by the time of *Sudden Impact*). Here his name is Wes Block. He has been left to care for his two sub-teen daughters after his wife abandoned him (she didn't care for tenderness, he says). He employs the services of the many ladies of the night in New Orleans' French Quarter, who tempt him with their sado-masochist delicacies. Not a brilliant portrait of a hero, is it?

As if presented with his own mirror-image, Block has to enquire into a series of brutal murders of prostitutes specializing in his kind of sex. The deeper he goes into the case, the closer home: for the victims are girls who had serviced him. It is as though Block has been ordered to chase his own worst self, the danger being that, if he doesn't catch up with it soon, those close to him will suffer greatly.

Of course, it is true that dualism has been treated in its countless variations, from the Greek god Janus through Faust to Caligari. But the new variation is a welcome supplement to what appeared, for a long time, to be Eastwood's clearly defined type of perfect morality beyond doubt and outside the law. The theme is treated seriously, and evokes the despair of a man slowly realizing more about the dark side of his nature. Eastwood is almost unsettling in his willingness to appear

unsure of himself, at times even anguished by things beyond his control.

Up to this point, Tuggle does a pretty good job. Visually, too, thanks to Bruce Surtees' expert handling of the camera, the movie is bathed in a dark, gloomy light, reminiscent of the "film noirs" of the Thirties and Forties. Like those films, most of the action here is at night; and the light, sets and exteriors reflect both the frame of mind and the atmosphere of the spirits. The art director, Edward Caragno, deserves all praise for this.

Tuggle, somehow, manages to tumble with the script, though he is supposed to specialize in this department. The plot advances in a rather haphazard way, lacks the strict discipline and logic of *Alcatraz*, for instance, the characters around Eastwood never achieve depth, and even the leading character's inner troubles are guessed at rather than clearly indicated. Block's investigation doesn't proceed in orderly fashion, rather it is carried along by each additional murder. Genevieve Bujo's role as an anti-rapist activist appears to provide romantic relief. She doesn't seem important to the plot. In theory, of course, she does fit in, for she represents Eastwood's coming to terms with a woman who is prepared to deal with him on terms of equality, and not as an object but as a person, in her own eyes as in his. This should have been interwoven in the story more convincingly.

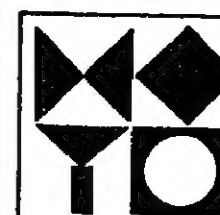
Finally, as one scene does not necessarily connect with the next, one has to settle for the many isolated moments offered here, though this is not quite what a movie is about. Moreover, since Tuggle relies on atmosphere rather than action, which erupts only in the last sequence, the outcome may come as a bit of a disappointment to some Eastwood fans.

STANLEY KUBRICK has had it coming to him. Since he once commissioned Walter (now Wendy) Carlos to play Beethoven's Ninth on a moog synthesizer, it was clear that one day, sooner or later, someone would play on him the trick he had played on old Ludwig van. And here comes Steve Barron, the herald of the video-clip, and converts HAL 9000, that philosophical computer who did not trust humans, in 2001, *Space Odyssey*, into a slobbering, enamoured teen-ager in *Electric Dreams*. If this wasn't enough, it's reduced to the status of a personal home computer.

Barron treats the flimsy plot as an excuse to put on several video clips for former clients, such as The Culture Club, and let the anodyne story unfold in its own boring way. It is about a confused youth who buys a P.C. to insert some order in his disorganized life. Soon enough, the cocky little machine takes over his entire life. When a curvaceous cellist moves into the next flat, it starts making advances to her, through the ventilation system. She plays a phrase from Bach, and the computer embroiders its pop improvisations on it.

Much of the story doesn't make sense. Why, for instance, is the youth so afraid to tell the girl about the computer? Is it a shameful sickness? And the acting is tentative at best. This seems appropriate enough for a man trained to take so many short cuts in producing video-clips (after all, he has to be brief) that the road itself has no importance for him. The idea is of the type that might appeal to the Disney people but they would carry out their research more responsibly, and have just a little more consideration for their audience.

This Week in Israel-The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION - FIVE CENTURIES OF MASTERPIECES (Florence Pavilion). Until January 6, 1985.
Special Visiting Arrangements:
1. Opening hours: Tues. 10.00-22.00; Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. 10.00-14.00; Sat. 9.00-16.00.
2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets for Saturday in advance at the Museum or at ticket agencies.
3. Groups and classes must reserve a visiting time in advance by phone (02) 698276.

African Art Exhibition - The inauguration of the Faith-dorian and Martin Wright African Art Gallery. From January 1, 1985
Eliahu Gat - landscape paintings
A Visions World: Roman Visions, Photographs - Documentary photographs taken in Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939 (Goldman-Schwartz Hall)
Meet an Israeli Artist - for children. Artists present in the gallery Tues. 17.30-19.00, Wed. 10.30-12.00 (Ruth Youth Wing). Courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Salick, Los Angeles.
Seraps - greeting cards and theatre sets (Ruth Youth Wing)
"Hanukkah Gold" - Gold and Silver Coins - 18th & 19th century European coins (Bank Leumi Numismatic Gallery)
Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology

AT THE ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM
Egypt: The Other Side of the River - Inlaid objects from Ancient Egypt.

EVENTS

SYMPOSIUM
Sunday, December 30 to Wednesday, January 2, 1985
THE WRIGHT INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM ON PRIMITIVE AND PRE-COLUMBIAN ART
"Art as a Means of Communication"
Claude Lévi-Strauss, Honorary Chairman
(For information please contact International Ltd. (02) 242287 or 226415.)

FILMS
Saturday, December 29 at 20.30
THE CHOSEN (U.S.A. 1981)
Tuesday, January 1 at 18.00 and 20.30 & Saturday, January 5 at 20.30
I LOVE YOU CARMEN (Spain 1983)

CHILDREN'S FILMS
Sunday, December 30 at 16.30
CINDERELLA (Walt Disney)
Thursday, January 3 at 16.30
THE ARISTOCATS (Walt Disney)

LECTURES
Wednesday, January 2 at 16.00
THE ANXIOUS CHILD AS A CENTRAL REALITY IN THE WORKS OF MIRIAM YELLIN STEKELIS with Herta Raz
Wednesday, January 2 at 20.00
THE KASHMIR SHAWL: THE EVOLUTION OF ITS PATTERNS IN THE 19th CENTURY (in English, reservations: Tel. (02) 698258)

RUTH YOUTH WING
Recycling Workshop: Monday 14.00-17.00; Tuesday 16.00-20.00

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.00
Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 15.00
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

VISITING HOURS
Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00.
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
Telio House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-15.00; Sat. closed.

The Museum keeps its doors open with the help of its friends:
Elizabeth Selter - December 30-January 5, 1985
Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries

Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Klam ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rococo in Tel Aviv.
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Dir.: Lewis Gilbert
Sat. at 7.30 pm: *The Conformist*
Dir.: Bernardo Bertolucci
9.30 pm: *Becker*
Mon. at 7 pm: *Films by Belit Zvi graduates 1984*
9 pm: small hall *The Women*
Dir.: George Cukor
9.30 pm: *La Tete Contre les Murs*
Dir.: George Franju
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Aristocats*
7 pm: *Family Plot*
7.15 pm: small hall
Your Neighbor's Son
9 pm: small hall
Short documentaries
9.30 pm: *Boudou Sauve des Eaux*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Section Speciale*
7 pm: small hall
First screening of new shorts
9.30 pm: small hall *La Tete Contre les Murs*
9.30 pm: *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *The Dreamer*
9 pm: small hall
A Sense of Loss
9.30 pm: *Toni*
midnight: *The Birds*
Fri. at 2 pm: *Pauline a la Plage*
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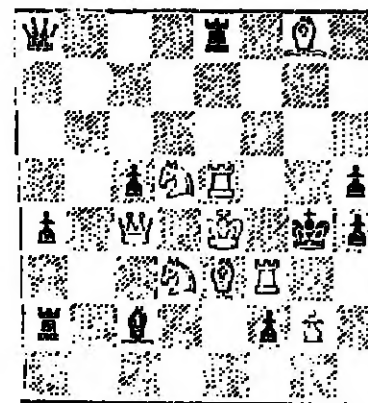
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CHESS

Elihu Shahaf

Problem No. 3205
A. LOBOSOV, USSR
1st prize, Zurich Zeitung, 1983



White mates in two (9-10)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3203
(Verbe). 1.e8R! d1N! (1. - d1Q
2.Rh8 Qh5 3.Rh5) 2.Kg1! Nc3

3.Rc3 (now it is clear why not 1.e8Q)
3. - Kg1 4.Rc1x.

VOTE AGAINST ISRAEL

ISRAELI will not be invited to the next Olympiad - this is the meaning of a resolution adopted by the FIDE Congress in Saloniki. The congress resolved that the 1986 Olympiad will be held in the United Arab Emirates, even though the representative of the UAE announced before the vote that Israel will not receive entry visas to Abu Dhabi. A special committee has been set up to look into the problem of Israel's participation.

The resolution was preceded by a sharp debate in which most of the delegates took part. The U.S., which headed the countries opposing the resolution, announced it would not take part in the next Olympiad. The Dutch delegate announced that the senior players of Holland will not go to Abu Dhabi unless all FIDE member countries are assured of participation. Those in favour of the resolution were the Eastern Euro-

penn and Third World countries, as well as Greece, Austria, Canada, Spain and Portugal. Among those who abstained were England, Australia and France. Sixty-one countries voted for the resolution, 25 were against and 5 abstained.

ALON GRINFELD was the best all-round Israeli player in Saloniki. He missed only one round and accumulated 9 points in 13 games. He won 6 games, lost one and drew 6 - 69 per cent.

Ehud Grinfeld on the top board scored 5 points out of 11 games (W.3, L.4, D.4, 45 per cent). Lev Gutman on the 3rd board scored 5½ out of 10 (W.4, L.3, D.3, 55 per cent). Natan Birnboim on board 4 scored 3½ points out of 7 games (W.2, L.2, D.3, 50 per cent). Ya'acov Murcy started badly with two defeats but improved later and finally scored 3½ points out of 7 games (W.2, L.2, D.3, 50 per cent). Elihu Shvidler lost a single game and scored 5½ points out of 8 games (W.4, L.1, D.3, 68 per cent).

THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIAD was won by the USSR, with 32 points. The silver medals went to Bulgaria with 27½ points and the bronze medals to Rumania with 27 points.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

ANATOLY KARPOV increased his lead to 5-0 by winning the 27th game. It followed a string of 17 draws.

KARPOV KASPAROV
19th game of the match
1.Nf3 d5 2.d4 Nf6 3.c4 e6 4.Nc3 Be7 5.Bg5 h6 6.Bf6 Bf6 7.Qd2 Ne6 8.e3 0-0 9.Rc1 a6 10.Be2 d4 11.Be4 e5 12.d5 Na7 13.Qc2 Nb5 14.Nb5 ab5 15.Bh3 e4 16.Nd4 Bd4 17.e4 c6 18.d6 Qd4 19.0-0 b6 20.Qc6 Bd7 21.Qd5 Qd5 22.Bd5 Ra6 23.Rd1 Be6 24.a3 Bd5 25.Rd5 Rb8 26.Rd4 Ra4 27.Rc1 Rb8 28.Kf1 Re2 29.Rd1-d2 Rd2 30.Rd2 Rd3 31.Kc2 b4 32.Kd1 ba3 33.ba3 Ra4 34.Ra2 f5 35.Kc2 f4 36.Kb3 Rd4 37.Ra1 Kf7 38.a4 c3 39.Kc3 Rd8 40.f6 f3 41.Rc1 Ra8 42.Kb3 Rb8 43.Kc2 Ra8 44.Rf1 Kg6. Draw.

KASPAROV KARPOV
20th game of the match
1.Nf3 Nf6 2.e4 b6 3.g3 c5 4.Bg2 Bb7 5.0-0 g6 6.Nc3 Bg7 7.d4 c4 8.Nd4 Bg2 9.Kg2 0-0 10.e4 Qe7 11.Nc3 12.Ne4 Qe5 13.Qf3 Qd4 14.Rb1 Qe5 15.Bf4. Draw.

KARPOV KASPAROV
21st game of the match
1.Nf3 d5 2.d4 Nf6 3.c4 e6 4.Nc3 Be7 5.Bg5 h6 6.Bf6 Bf6 7.Qd2 Ne6 8.e4 c5 9.d5 ed5 10.e5 Bg5 11.Qd5 Ne6 12.Be4 0-0 13.0-0 Qd5 14.Bd5 Nb4 15.Ng5 Nd5! 16.Nd5 hg5 17.f4 g4 18.Rd4 Rd8! 19.Nc7 Rb8 20.Ra1 Rd7 21.Nb5 Re7 22.Na7 Bd7 23.a4 Ra8 24.Nb5 Bb5 25.ab5 Ra5 26.b6 Rb5 27.b4 c4 28.Rb1 b3 29.Rf3 h2 30.Rf2 Re5 31.Rf6b2. Draw.

ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Kc1; Rg4. (2)
Black - Kb3; Rh8; Pc2, h4. (4)
White to play and draw.
1.Rd4! h3 (1.-Rg8 2.Rd3 Kc4 3.Rh3, draw) 2.Rd8! Rh7 3.Rd7 Rh6 4.Rd6 Rh5 5.Rd5 Rh4 6.Rd4, draw. (Study by H. Vennink, 1918).



A live vocabulary

ESPECIALLY in the first half of the Steps and Sounds, presented at the Gerard Behar Centre in Jerusalem (December 22), the Inbal Dance Theatre showed itself as full of life and purpose as ever - and the dancing as vivid and vigorous.

Not all the six brief titles were by Sara Levi-Tanai. Moshe Halevi's *Original Yemenite Dance* demonstrated the roots from which Inbal grew. Nina Sharett's *Moroccan Wedding* had colour and quality in both costume and choreography.

Yet it was Sara Levi-Tanai's creativeness that brought the Inbal brightness to full bloom. It lay in her power to combine convincing authenticity with refreshing theatricality - and to add "vocabulary" to the traditional ethnic "language" that has given Inbal its character.

Bear us to the Desert, first staged 20 years ago, looked as rich in the happy elegance of Yemenite movement as it devised today. *Hora*, first performed in 1973, was an up-to-the-minute interpretation of the familiar folk dance. There was lively ethnic comedy in *Women*, as rival groups displayed their skill in cooking and baking. *Sabbath Candles*, a duet, put the emphasis on spirituality.

Only *Chants and Songs (Shirai V'shirim)*, after the intermission didn't look as good as when I first saw it at the Neveh Zedek Theatre in Tel Aviv. Then it was a clever satire on the way new elements creep into old dance. This time, though the dancers performed with gusto (and, indeed, were all admirable throughout the performance) the contrasts between ethnic and extempore were dimmed and the wit and humour turned into a romp.

Thursday at Batseva is the title of a series of monthly evenings to be given by the Batseva Company at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv. The first will take place on January 3. A live and filmed collage of excerpts from the company's repertoire first shown at its 20th anniversary celebrations will be included in the programme. Siki Koi will explain her *Tumail*.

DANCE

Dora Sowden

which took second place at a choreographic competition in Cologne, and the work will be performed. The speakers will be acting artistic director David Dvir and P.R.O. Michael Scheffan, and a discussion will follow.

A RECENT visitor to Israel was Oscar Araiz, the Argentinian-born dancer-choreographer-director who now works in Geneva. At 44 he is important enough to have half a column in a dance dictionary. He has also drawn the kind of reviews that *New Yorker* dance critic Arlene Croce has bestowed on choreographers she dislikes but whose talents cannot be ignored.

Araiz came to set one of his works for the Bat-Dor Company: *Cantare* (music: Ravel). No date has yet been fixed for the premiere. While he was director at the San Martin Theatre in Buenos Aires in the 1960s, he established himself as a major choreographer. For the past few years he has been dancing and choreographing widely in Europe. He has also contributed a wildly controversial *Romeo and Juliet* for the Joffrey Ballet in New York and an equally provocative *Rite of Spring* for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

TAMARA MIELNIK'S matinee at the Khan Theatre (December 21, afternoon) confirmed the well-established fact that she is an outstanding dancer. She had presence, dramatic precision and ability to hold attention even when the choreography wavered. This time her programme contained no singing or recitation - and was improved thereby.

Her best work was in her own *The Child and the Copybook*, set to the electronic music of Dov Mielnik and "edited" into something both nostalgic and narrative. Though this work

was still rather slow, it made its point in the stiff movements when, like a doll, the dancer wore a flat image of a child and hugged flat images of her remembered family. When finally she removed the plastic child mask (its resistance a Marcel Marceau touch) she emerged into the present.

Heda Oren's work *The Mother* (music: Odedo Partos) testified to the choreographer's gifts and the dancer's stylistic eloquence, but had little relation to the title and was anyway pervaded by too much anguish. Even pain needs moments of relief.

Of the two works danced by the Jerusalem Dance Theatre, Mielnik's *The Greatest Cry... Silence*, set to T. Lasry's strange music, had been presented in the open air during the Israel Festival, with Lasry himself playing his self-invented instruments. In the Old City square it looked freer, the long piece of lace which held the five dancers together more meaningful.

Karen Freedland's *Buildings Falling* (music: Tangerine Dreams) mixed abstract and representational ideas. The result was structurally untidy and artistically forced.

THE STAGING of *Gipsy Fair* at the Gerard Behar Centre (December 17) was so entertaining that I make no excuse for referring to the show again, having seen it previously only in rehearsal. Every one of the Spaniards - gipsy and other - performed as if born and bred on the boards, with a rhythm in their bodies that cannot be merely learned. It says all the more for the Israeli guest artist, Dalia Low, that she fitted so well into the ensemble, holding her own in beauty certainly, and in style too.

On this night, singer Miguel Funi added much to the temperature with his sense of comedy and his extraordinary timing in movement - though José Correia was, of course, still the male dance lead. For a time, the singers went off key - and the two excellent guitarists Sorin and Soto did not adjust to them - but it spoiled nothing. The *ole's* were well deserved.

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EDUCATIONAL:

15.00 School Broadcasts 15.00 Contact
15.30 Newsnight 16.00 This Is It...live
16.30 puppet Butterfly 16.00 A New Evening -
with guest presenter

KIDS:

15.00 Children's programmes
15.30 Open Market - what today's youth
have to say on various matters

ARABIC LANGUAGE:

15.30 News roundup
16.00 News in Need
16.00 Morning current affairs

RENEW PROGRAMMES resume at 17.00

17.00 News
17.30 30 Sparrows - BBC nature
film
18.00 Mabit Newsworld
18.30 The Great Quest of the Unknowns -
Part 1: The Fourth Arm; Part 1 of a 12-part
documentary series about events of the Second
World War, narrated by Philip Laitman, Paul
Holley and Neil Tennant
19.30 Night Court - new comedy series,
starring Harry Anderson, Karen Austin
and John Larroquette; All you Need is
Love
20.00 News

ORDINARY TV (unofficial):

30.00 Cartoons 17.30 ITV 31 Macraol: i
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14.00 Wastwater Hospital 15.30 Arabian
Night's 16.00 Club 17.30 Shape-Up 18.00
The Day After Tomorrow 19.00 Spiderman 19.30
Spider-Man 2 20.00 Spider-Man 3 21.00 Spider-
Man 4 22.00 Spider-Man 5 23.00 Spider-Man 6

22 Music Chart
100 Hardcastle & McCormack 2:00
 101 Mother Love 3:30
 102 New 3:30
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10 Ran Tarnah, piano - Scitatu:
Ravel: From Reflections; Chopin:
Sata No.2; Dornani Sonata No.1:
Fantasy Op.17

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programme in Easy Hebrew
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Sephard songs
News in English
New in French
Newspaper programme
Speaker's Platform
Notes on a New Book
Middle East Crossroads
Forthcoming Events at University
of Liverpool
10 Hebrew songs
Religion Programme
Programmes for Olton
Castles in Spain

2nd

Editorial Review
Green Light - drivers' corner
Newspaper - news magazine
Savage - the new music
House Call - with Rivka Mitchell
Open Line - with Alan Stiles
All Shades of the Network - meeting
Open Line - news and music
Masters of Interest - with Galt Guzik
Savage Moments - favourite old songs
Economics Magazine
Of Men and Figures
Facts and Figures
Today - radio review
This Week in the Knesset
New, at Last
Violent songs
Between Ounces
Moving Sounds
University on the Air
107 - with Alex Astecki
Learning Network - Rafi Regebel
Marching Winter - with Eli Yisraeli
Regards - to and from soldiers
in Lebanon

Time Out
Four in the Afternoon
Evening News

Economics Magazine
Music Today - music magazine
Sweet Hit Parade
Labat - TV Newsreel
University on the Air (repeal)
popular songs
from the Classical Record Shelf -
Rubi Lenz
light birds - songs, chat

2 1/2

2 1/2

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Galilee Tours

PAUL MCCARTNEY is one of those timeless, ageless pop stars who never stop. In *Give My Regards to Broad Street* (CBS), the original soundtrack of the film written by and starring McCartney, he sounds and looks almost as young and vibrant as when he started out over 20 years ago as one of the four legendary Beatles.

He's certainly every bit as creative: his revised versions of old favorites have added depth and meaning, plus new musical dimensions as well as all the old sweetness. The album brings us new versions of some of the greatest pop songs ever written, such as John Lennon and McCartney's "Yesterday," "Here, There and Everywhere," "The Long and Winding Road," "Good Day Sunshine," "Eleanor Rigby" and others. It also has two renditions of "No More Lonely Nights," one opening, the other closing the album. I prefer the original version. The album provides a wonderful opportunity for the post-Beatles age to get to know one of the bulwarks of rock-and-roll and a nostalgic treat for those of us who were there.

A REMINDER of another legend in his own time is Julian Lennon's album, *Julian* (CBS), released here just four years after his father's murder. Looking on the album sleeve like the ghost of his father - without the round spectacles - and sounding uncannily at times like him, Julian is another phenomenon.

He plays bass guitar, keyboards, drums and percussion to the songs he sings, in addition to writing - or, like his dad, co-writing - all the songs but one.

The opening track of Side Two, "Too Late for Goodbyes," is already a local hit and some of the other tracks are quite promising too. But time will tell if the world is ready for someone like - if not identical to - John Lennon, or if Julian has more than a Lennon voice and some Beatles-like "oh yeahs" in him.

RELEASING U2's fifth album, *The Unforgettable Fire* (General Music Company), in Israel may not have been such a good idea, for the Rolling Stone magazine blasts it both musically and conceptually, compared to the group's previous album.

Being unfamiliar with the Irish guitar band's earlier work, I quite liked this album, especially the tracks "A Sort of Homecoming" and "Pride (in the name of love)," which was inspired by Martin Luther King.

The album overflows with atmosphere and pent-up power, created by the group's heroic singing and elevated style. Something mysterious and sinister is hinted by the gaunt, ivy-covered castle on the jacket sleeve. This is Slane Castle, where the album was recorded.

SOFTER, rounder and even more mysterious is Pat Benatar's image on the jacket of her new album, *Tropico* (CBS), and softer and rounder is her voice on the songs in it. Having proved her merit in the "masculine" world of hard rock, Benatar now explores more accessible, melodious realms, perhaps with an eye to wider audiences.

The album ventures into different directions, with Benatar's crystal-clear, powerful voice dominating the scene, from the social protest in "Suburban King" to the old-world sound of "A Crazy World Like This."

KENNY ROGERS has done it again. His album *What About Me* (Eastwinds), coming hot on the heels of *Eyes That See in the Dark*, is another collection of love songs, opening with the sensuous title num-

Chip off the old rock



Julian Lennon: "some Beatles-like oh yeahs."

ROCK, ETC./Michal Yudelman

ber, in which he seems to be breaking the dramatic folk record.

While Diana Ross, Lionel Richie, Julio Iglesias, Barbara Streisand and the rest of 'em do weepy duets, Rogers goes one step further, and together with Kim Carnes and James Ingram belts out the most romantic ballad ever.

Carnes, who with husband Dave Ellingson wrote and produced Rogers' *Gideon* album, is a two-time Grammy award winner, while Ingram is a five-time Grammy winner. Carnes' hoarse voice and Ingram's warm, throaty one merge wonderfully with Rogers' own. Romantic ballad suckers are bound to fall for it, as well as for other schmaltzy country-pop numbers including "Stranger," written by Dolly Parton.

A NEW STAR shines in the Israeli pop sky. Harella Ber in *Velvet* (CBS) looks like a Middle Eastern beauty and sounds like a cross between Gali Atari and Ofra Haza. But now I've seen her on Friday night's entertainment programme on television, I've finally decided: she looks more like Gali Atari than Haza, with a pseudo-masculine black suit. But then again, maybe they just have the same stage manager.

Seriously, though, Ber seems very promising and her excellent voice has a full, deep dimension I'd like to hear more explicitly. Ber must also be commended for her courage in plunging into rock without messing around in classical "Beautiful Israel" songs. She has one or two jazzy numbers which sound even more like Gali Atari.

However, her songs don't reveal a definite character and style. She sounds very professional for a first album, and the arrangement (Avner Kahor) and production (Amiram

Har-Even) are slick and polished. But what I miss behind all the style and polish is the real person, a sense of strong, individual emotion shaping the music, instead of the other way around.

AND AN OLD star twinkling brightly: Arik Einstein in *Time Out* (CBS). All the songs were co-written by Einstein and Shem-Tov Levi, whose name appears just as large on the jacket. All except one, that is, which was written by Haim Nahman Bielik - "Ya'acov and Esau."

More than any Israeli singer, Einstein manages to capture the spirit of Tel Aviv here and now. Recent songs of his, like "Sitting on the Fence," "Sitting in San Francisco on the Water," depict bohemian Tel Aviv, the everyday reality of living in the city and the little town from which it grew. Like the fantastic album cover, a fusion of paintings and photographs, Einstein's songs are the stuff this city's memories are made of.

In this album we have "Old Macabi" about Tel Aviv, "Time Out" and "Not Keeping Up With Things" about the world-weariness of the local bohemian. The best number is the simple *Hu Hazer Bishva* ("He Became Religious") expressing pain caused by the loss of a close friend (presumably Uri Zohar) who breaks off his old connections when he adopts a religious life.

Despite all the good stuff, the album has one or two irritating songs it could well do without. One is "Three-Four, To Work" which is good as a satire, perhaps (a satire on what?) and another is "It's All in Your Head," which is just horrible, annoying and pointless.

As for the future, how long is Einstein going to get away with weary, sad statements on the modern Israeli's existential dilemma? D

Blowing it

BRIDGE/Hanan Sher

HAD HE BEEN clairvoyant, West could have settled matters by making the winning opening lead on today's first deal. He had a good excuse for not making that lead, and thereby gave South the chance to make his four-spade contract. For his failure, South had no one to blame but himself.

Here's the deal, with North-South vulnerable:

North	East
♠ K 8 6 2	♠ 10 9 4
♥ Q 5 4	♥ 9 8 7 6
♦ 4 3	♦ K 10
♣ A J 6 3	♣ K 10 9 8

South	West
♠ A Q 7 5 3	♠ A Q 7 5 3
♥ A K 10	♥ A K 10
♦ 9 8 2	♦ 9 8 2
♣ Q 5	♣ Q 5

The bidding:
South 1♣, West 2♦, North 3♣, East Pass.
1♣, 2♦, 3♣, All pass.

NORTH-SOUTH reached a not-abnormal contract of four spades, after West had made a typical non-vulnerable "Nuisance overcall" in diamonds.

The opening lead was the neutral club four, second-highest from a weak three-or-four-card suit, which West considered better than leading away from his diamond honors. (How could West know that his partner was the "owner" of the diamond king, and that it was not in the hand of opener South, where a diamond lead would cost him a trick?)

Declarer looked at the dummy, and saw only three possible losers - two in diamonds and one in clubs. The club finesse therefore seemed safe enough. West, the overcaller, didn't have a diamond sequence, in which case he would probably have led the diamond king. So the finesse was "on the house."

At least that's what South thought. As the hand developed, he found that he was very, very wrong.



A small club was played from dummy, and East won the club king. In a flash, he put the diamond king on the table, and followed with the ten, which was overtaken by the queen. Now came the ace of diamonds, sealing the unfortunate declarer's fate.

second high spade, South had to concede one down.

"YOU REALLY" butchered that one," said North, trying to restrain his anger. "It only cost us a vulnerable game contract. The trump promotion play which cooked your goose was easy to avoid, once diamonds were not led at Trick One."

"Even you should have seen," continued the irate North, "that the club finesse was a luxury you could not afford. If it had won, it meant an overtrick. If you weren't so greedy you would have won the first club with the ace and drawn trumps in three rounds. Now concede a club and two diamonds, and claim. The club finesse may be justifiable in Top-Bottom duplicate, where the overtricks are vital; it isn't in this kind of scoring. International Match Points."

"What can I say?" replied a chagrined South. "I just blew a very simple game."

"We still could have beaten the contract if I'd led a diamond at Trick One," added West. "But I was afraid to lead away from my ace-queen. That lead would not hurt if North had the diamond king, it might even gain if partner had that card. But it would certainly lose if South, who opened, had it. By making the percentage play, I almost gave the show away. But South gave it back."

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Menu on the mats

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

Sarum The Son, 8 Rehov Hovrat Shus, Neve Tzedek, Tel Aviv, kosher, closed Shabbat, Diners card.

THERE IS NOTHING more satisfying than visiting a restaurant that seems to have made a name for itself with some justification.

Thus, during a recent tour of the Neve Tzedek Quarter, the old run-down neighbourhood between Tel Aviv and Jaffa, I was interested to learn that Sarum The Son, just behind the Astoria Hotel, has become the favourite of many of Tel Aviv's socialites.

This is in keeping with the general revitalization of the old area, just as it was on the verge of destruction. From a disaster zone, it seems to have been suddenly transformed into a quaint artists section minutes seemingly, before the bulldozers were due to arrive.

The restaurant stands by itself (with plenty of parking space all around), surrounded by a makeshift garden. Inside, one can find plenty of uneven walls and arched doorways and a waiter who seems to be the Yeminite Israeli answer to his colleagues in New York's Lower

East Side. It's not that he wants to be rude, just that he has better things to do than stand around and wait while you make up your silly mind.

The menu is printed on the place mats, without prices, which made me somewhat wary of the place, but I took my chances and ordered. Rather than just ask for an assortment of salads, we looked at the list and tried those which seemed most interesting.

The eggplant in vinegar turned out to be slices of eggplant fried and served in a spicy sauce that included not only vinegar, but also onion and sweet red peppers. The hot mushrooms were delicious, despite the fact that they had lived in a tin. Perhaps this illustrates two points: that there are occasions when tinned mushrooms can be made tasty; and that they are not such a terrible thing when served in a restaurant with few pretensions.

Because they had been highly recommended, we also tried the hummus and the falafel. The former was very good, though far from the best we had ever tasted, while the latter was just a cut above run-of-the-mill. Both are recommended

only for those occasions when you are taking visitors who rarely eat such standbys.

The chips, on the other hand, were exquisite. Fresh, crisp and not at all greasy, they were served piping hot. We could barely wait to wolf them down.

We also ordered a bowl of "bone soup," because it sounded so intriguing, especially after the waiter told us it was made with lamb. Here too we were not disappointed. The soup, full of bones, vegetables and spices, was a real treat.

Nor could we find any fault with the meat. As in many such restaurants, each spit of meat is ordered individually. We had to try the grilled goose liver, and it was sublime, rich and juicy and not overcooked.

The lamb was good, if not exceptional, but the kebabs, always a gamble, was superb, with juicy meat and onions, all beautifully spiced and grilled just long enough to be done, but not dry. Perhaps one secret of this establishment's attraction for Tel Aviv society is that, in contrast to other similar restaurants, it does not overcook its meat.

For dessert, the menu listed chocolate mousse, bavarian cream, baklava and watermelon. While we realized that the last item would not be available, we were surprised to learn that the mousse was the only thing left. This was fairly standard second rate, but not as bad as it



might be. The moral: don't order dessert in Middle Eastern restaurants, where a sweet course at the end of the meal is not part of the culinary tradition. If you must have dessert, stop at a coffee shop afterwards.

It should come as no surprise that

the Turkish coffee was excellent. The bill came to US\$550 which seemed very reasonable indeed, especially after my fear concerning the non-listing of prices on the menu. I hope the present low prices aren't just a function of the price freeze.

Vision & fulfilment



Marsha Pomerantz

FOR ODED TEOMI, theatre and parapsychology are both attempts to defy death. In a series of three one-man shows he writes and performs. Teomi has used the former to explore the latter, vacillating between the poles of belief and scepticism.

In his latest play, which has just opened, he comes down on the side of scepticism about supernatural powers, and particularly the fulfilment of prophecies.

At the end of 1984, approaching the end of the millennium, when the American president declared his belief in Armageddon, Teomi wants to make it clear that man is responsible for his own actions, that he is not in the grip of fate unless, unconsciously, he wants to be. And yet.

The 45-year-old Teomi, tall, with a handsome, rough-hewn, freckled face, has some peculiar sensibilities himself. Some he can explain in psychological terms; others seem to be unusual coincidences. He used to be able to find things his friends had lost by closing his eyes and focusing on another of the friend's possessions.

In one eerie instance, he pictured the exact location of the body of a missing woman before her family knew she was dead.

During the recent search for Hadas Kedmi, the soldier who hitched and never got home to Kibbutz Kfar Masaryk, Teomi was approached but refused to get involved. Among his reasons was the fact that his earlier experience had left him overwrought and sleepless for weeks. Besides, his intuitions about things are often wrong. And yet.

His original drive to transcend death in some way is connected with his father, Meir Teomi, one of the pioneers of Hebrew theatre. He was shot dead by an Arab in 1947 during an outdoor performance. Oded, who was 10 at the time, points to the spot from the lush balcony of his rooftop flat in north Tel Aviv. "I didn't want him to die on me," says the son. "He would appear in dreams and tell me he wasn't dead."

In his first two plays, *Above and Beyond* and *Signs and Wonders*, Teomi combined personal history, documented incidents of parapsychology and on-the-spot experiments in telepathy.

The experiments went something like this: Teomi would leave the room and the audience would decide among themselves on "a murderer, a victim and a weapon, which would be hidden somewhere." Teomi, either remaining outside the room or returning, would try to guess who

and where they were - and sometimes by coming up with an address or a date of birth.

If he was inside the room, he would choose someone as a medium, and hold him or her by the hand. In such cases he had "99 per cent success," he says. "But that's not pure telepathy." Remaining outside the room, he had about a 40 per cent rate of success.

Once he saw in his mind's eye a country house near a stream with a water wheel, and a five-digit number. The woman in the audience whose presence had conjured up the images said they meant nothing to her. Weeks later her daughter tracked him down to say that someone in the family had stayed in such a house in Europe, and that the number he'd come up with was the phone number there.

WHAT DOES IT ALL mean? Teomi is slow to draw any conclusions. "I believe that everyone who works with art has some sensitivity," he says. "The attempt to convey things beyond words is central to theatre." He feels that the examination of his extra sensitivities helped him develop as an actor. He refers to Stanislavsky's writing on the moment of inspiration: it's something that you can't bring about. The best you can do is not interfere with it, and encourage it through concentration, imagination and suggestibility.

He happened to read Stanislavsky and a book on hypnosis at the same time, and decided to try hypnosis as a way of increasing suggestibility. He

used the method with theatre students at Tel Aviv University when he taught there in the late '60s and early '70s. The results, he says, were "interesting but insufficient." In the end, he decided just to work on his own roles through self-hypnosis.

However he does it, he has become a leading actor, currently with the Cameri, in such recent roles as Salieri in *Amadeus* and Stewart in *Pack of Lies*. He has received the major actor-of-the-year awards, plus the Margalit Prize for his interpretation of Coriolanus.

Speaking of his dual connection with parapsychology and theatre, he concludes: "Today I know that theatre is for me. You can die and live again on the stage."

BUT HIS uncanny intuitions don't disappear. The degree to which he is troubled and amazed by them became clearer when he related two incidents.

One concerns a senior government official Teomi met socially. On a visit to the man's home, Teomi focused on his watch and mentioned two names, plus "England." The first turned out to be the man's son, the second, the son's girlfriend. They were in England.

On the same occasion, Teomi mentioned a date. But he seemed to strike out with that one. It wasn't anyone's birthday or anniversary.

Three months later, he saw the man's obituary in the newspaper. The widow told Teomi she had gone through her husband's papers and found a note registering Teomi's intuitions: "He died on the date you said."

"Since then," says Teomi, "I've sworn not to guess dates. Who

knows? Maybe the date got into his mind subliminally."

He hunches intently on his chair in the sun and relates the second incident (the one about a missing woman), asking that the details be somewhat disguised.

The woman's sisters came to him, referred by some parapsychologists interested in proving that there is an objective basis to their extra senses. They brought along some of the missing woman's possessions.

"I saw her lying down under a white sheet," says Teomi. "She had committed suicide." The setting reminded him of a place he'd seen, and he told the sisters where to look.

They found it hard to accept the fact that it was a body he saw. He pointed out that she'd been gone three weeks, and they said, no, it was only a few days.

After two and a half sleepless weeks, Teomi got a call. The body had been found, a suicide, exactly where he'd said.

It was the emotional strain of that incident that made him refuse to participate in the search for Hadas Kedmi, although he says, "It was hard to say no."

IF HE DOES HAVE these special perceptions, does he also have a moral responsibility to apply them in a useful way? He does feel a certain "missionary" role, but whatever it is, he wants to express it through theatre.

He recalls the story about a great Russian actor in the role of a bearded father, whose son has just been killed at the front. He has been given the son's jacket, and he bears it draped over his outstretched arms as he walks downstage.

"There was no jacket. But everyone in the audience saw it." Such was the power of the actor's concentration. "It's moments like that I wait for," Teomi says. Perhaps theatre is a different version of finding lost things. Even lost people.

To the extent that there are messages in his work, one is an attempt to reconcile Zionism and Judaism - for instance, to make non-believers familiar with and open to the mystical traditions of Safed. *Signs and Wonders*, which deals with his experiences in Safed, was translated into English and he took it on tour to Jewish communities in North America.

His current play is a "lecture" by a physicist who deals with electricity in his hands. Its title translates *About Life and Death*, but the Hebrew *Al hehayim v'al humavet* has another defiant shade of meaning. Something like "over my dead body."

Teomi suggests: *I'll Live if it Kills Me*.

Teomi appears as the physicist, Dr. Yagid Sarid (from the roots "tell" and "survive") giving a public lecture and, simultaneously, engaging in an experiment. He and blood-brother Ami Ron, when they were 13, went to see Sheikh Salim of Jaffa, who dictated to them a series of 15 prophecies, in peculiar images. They turned out, one by one, to be realized, despite the resistance of the two friends to a seemingly pre-ordained fate. The sheikh, back in the pre-state days, foresaw something of his own future. In one vision he saw "Jews and Arabs in a restaurant - the Jews eat, the Arabs work."

On the night of the lecture, 40 years after the visit to Salim, Sarid is testing the last of the prophecies, which was that on this particular date, one of the friends would die before 10 p.m., and the paper bearing the prophecies would burn. Ami is indeed near death, in the intensive care unit of Ichilov Hospital. Sarid, on stage, has a phone line to the hospital, and an electric chair for himself. If they are subject to fate as interpreted by Salim, he has the choice of dying so that his friend can live.

THE OUTLINE SOUNDS corny enough, but the play is given interest and tension by the gradual interpretation and realization of the prophecies, and by Teomi's sliding in and out of characters: Sarid, Salim and the Hacham Meir Alkalai, who tries to cure the friends of their susceptibility to prophecy by assuring them that their future is made on earth, and depends on their persistence in friendship.

Sarid's lecture is spiced with references to Nostradamus, who predicted, 400 years ago, the advent of Hitler and his ovens, the establishment of the Jewish state, the Yom Kippur war, and other chapters now history - as well as the outbreak of World War III in 1949.

Meanwhile, the play is still evolving in a way that expresses Teomi's ambivalence. A few weeks ago, at a preview, there was a trick ending in which Salim seemed disproven - and then Sarid, folding up his electric chair, pressed the button by mistake. Last week, at a performance in Old Jaffa's Hamam, the resolution was clearly against the fulfilment of prophecies: both Sarid and his friend Ami lived.

That's where it stands for now. But who knows what the future will bring?

YEHOSHUA SOBOL'S *Ghetto* is important enough to warrant another look after last week's review.

Ghetto is good theatre in more than one respect. It challenges us to revise our preconceived notions and emotional reactions; it provokes us to anger, protest, resistance, but captures us with charm, authenticity, emotional relief. It "realizes" and makes us realize, an unthinkable reality by presenting it as an illusion. It enacts our common humanity by presenting the most inhuman situations in all human history.

I would like to make three points about this play and its performance: THE SITUATION. Theatre in the ghetto stands for life in the ghetto - not the horrible end, but the performance under duress, the daily coping with the misery. As long as actors stay alive they will act, as long as they have an opportunity; as long as human beings stay alive, they will entertain themselves, if they have an

Ghetto revisited

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

somewhere outside the stage, the puppet master unseen and inscrutable, but the meaning of life "together" recreated at every living moment - until death doth them part.

THE GERMANS. There is only one German on the stage, but he stands for many others. Kittel, the commander of the Vilna Ghetto, is a man of contrasts and ambiguities. He always carries two large cases, in one a submachine gun, in the other a saxophone. Power over life and death makes him into a ruthless killer; his aesthetic sense and education create a kind of bond between him and the Jewish artists.

Kittel openly admires the people he is ordered to annihilate, but in a very German way. "It's that mad vitality you people have, damn it!...I steal into the ghetto and all at once

it's a different world."

In two scenes Kittel mysteriously becomes a Dr. Paul, of "Alfred Rosenberg's Bureau for the Investigation of Judaism without Jews," an expert on the Talmud, who knows Hebrew and Yiddish, and gives Zionist advice to the anti-Zionist Jew Kruk.

THE JEWS. Here Sobol again turns the tables and makes us take another look at Zionist and Israeli values. This Jewish atheist appreciates the values of Diaspora Jewry, especially its heroism. The aspiration that the Jews in the words of Isaiah, went like lambs to the slaughter, implicitly comes under scrutiny. It is obvious that a people like Israel, which established a state in a ferocious war, will see heroism as the confrontation of the enemy with gun in hand. But fighting with weapons is the easiest kind of heroism and self-sacrifice for one's beliefs and for the survival of the community was a much more difficult feat than rising in combat.

Tenacity rather than prowess, patience rather than audacity, spirit rather than force, were the strong points of the *galiut* Jew.

Dr. Paul also tells Kruk that according to Freud, aggression derives from the death impulse, which seems to be lacking in the Jews, while it is strongest in the Germans. But the actions of the Jewish underground in Palestine in the late '30s showed that anti-Semitic Europe had at last succeeded in transmitting this impulse to the Jews by turning Zionism in the direction of aggression. It is a German who says this, and Kruk disagrees. Sobol leaves the question open - but he poses it.

Finally, this is a morality play. It deals with the problem of responsibility for the life and welfare of others, and for the community, against the background of extreme situations in human existence. Sobol's soul-searching *Odyssey* goes on, and he carries the thoughtful theatre-goer with him.

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EVENTS

- A meeting of former members of Zvi's community. Moderator: Erik Carmon. Screening of the film "Image before my Eyes". Sunday, December 30 at 5 pm.
- Jewish Identity Wednesday, January 2 between 5 and 8 pm. Admission free \$5000. For registration & further information, please contact the Seminar Department, Tel. 03-425161, Ext. 60, 67.
- The Jews and the European Influence in Morocco Lecturers: Michael Abitbol. Wednesday, January 2 at 4 pm.
- The Jewish Year - Festivals and Holidays - a series of 8 monthly lectures. This month: "The Shabbat in Law and Lore" Lecturer: Rabbi Jeremy Rosen. Thursday, January 3 at 9.30 pm The lecture will be conducted in English. Admission fee: \$500 for members of Friends Associations \$500, per lecture.

EXHIBITIONS ON TOUR

- The Jews of San'a - Bezek School, Jerusalem. (Till January 3)
- Synagogues in 19th century Germany - Yed Lebanim, Kfar Saba. (Till Jan. 16)
- Jewish Communities in Spanish Morocco - Mitznas Hazer Hegalilit. (Till Jan. 8)
- Memories of Jewish Poland - 1932. Photographs by Tim Gidal. (Till Jan. 1)
- Jewish Agriculture in Modern Times - Fac. of Agric., Rehovot. (Till June)

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Fresh light on Hanukka

Gil Goldfine

THE SPIRIT of Hanukka is beautifully reflected in a fascinating group of decorated lamps by Jerusalem ceramicist Meira Uno.

Using slabs of bisque ware and techniques such as incising, scoring and lustre glazing, Uno develops pictograms, relief sculptures and illustrative scenes on the backwalls, in styles ranging from pure abstraction to eclectic architectural constructions. Complementing her marvellous range of imaginative images (lions, birds, people, Middle East iconography [pyramids and palm trees] and assorted plant life) Uno reveals an intuitive painterly sense for both colour and art history.

Several of Uno's *hanukiot* are direct parodies of existing "collector's" items in that their form and design echo traditional North African or Eastern metal ware. Her scope of reference is as rich as her range of invention. As a craftsman Uno is good, as an artist who combines the technical and mechanical with the sensory, she is excellent. Even though Hanukka 1981 has passed, this exhibit is recommended for the *joie de vivre* that lies at its very core.

A second attraction at the same gallery are oil paintings on paper by Yossi Esher. Fast and furious drawing shows man and dog as best friends and inseparable picture partners. Despite the repetitive content, one gets the impression that Esher is much more concerned with delivering a forceful message of line and motion on a white field. He plays very little with the dynamics of composition as a structural tool to build line and shape into a harmonious field, but uses them as volatile acts of physical release. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa.)

RAFI ETGAR, Israel's most accomplished poster designer, exhibits a sampling of his theatre placards, most with three dimensional attachments for use as point-of-purchase displays. Coinciding with the publication of a book on his work, the Etgar overview is a corner of excellence in graphic design, a musical conglomeration of images (from old



Deborah Cohen: bronze maquette (Christie's Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv).

copper engravings to simple contoured shapes), colour and typography. The communication built-eye is always lit. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa.)

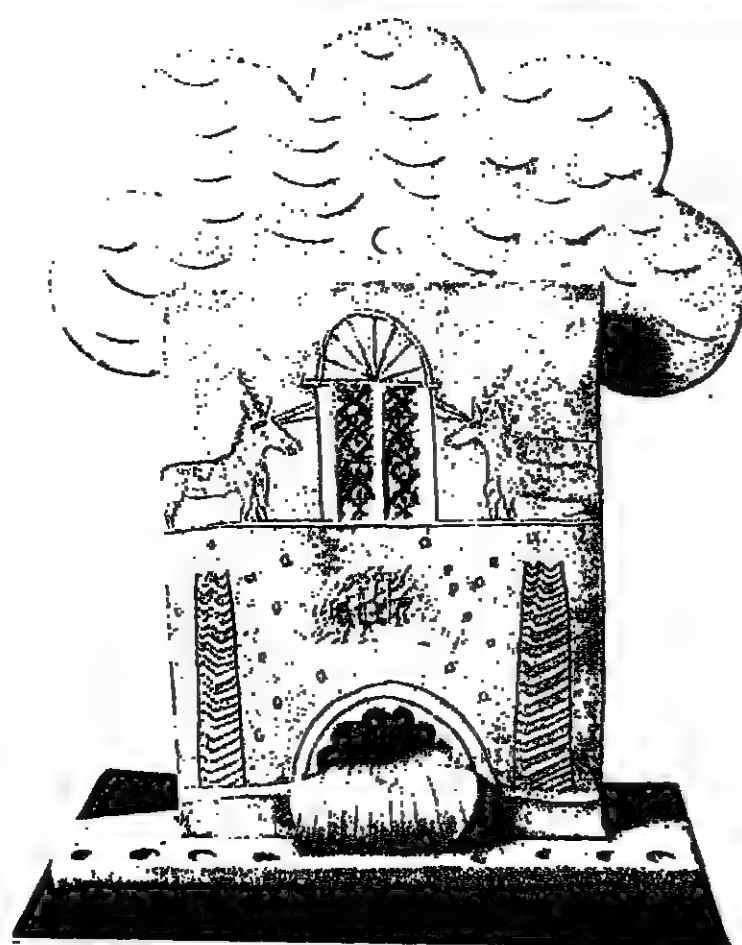
CHRISTIE'S, one of the world leaders in auction sales, has recently established a permanent representative in Israel: Christie's Contemporary Art, a subsidiary specializing in the publishing, distributing and selling of popularly priced, original limited edition fine art prints by international artists. Christie's branch in Tel Aviv will, in addition to serving its clients with property evaluation (Judaica, antiquities, paintings, jewellery etc.), shipping of art, catalogue sales and participation in international auctions, maintain an extensive permanent exhibit of prints for sale.

Currently supplementing the graphic collection is a show of bronze maquettes by the English sculptress, Deborah Cohen, who studied at the Camden Art Centre. Cohen has a definite modernist affinity to Brancusi, Arp and Hepworth. Her simplified, elegantly formed, highly polished volumes and smoothly burnished metallic surfaces with classic green patinas are highlighted by a continuous flow of line, edge and rounded planes. Cohen's work is visually pleasing

and aesthetically satisfying. The sculptures straddle the fence between full non-objectivity and a form of literal conceptualism. "La Mer" is an abstraction but projects the essential ideal of a running wave or the rhythm of relentless tide. artist. (Christie's Contemporary Art, 2 Habimah Sq., Tel Aviv).

THE VETERAN Israeli artist Alexander Bogen exhibits a score of abstract paintings, the basic approach of which remains clear and inner directed. Using a double-axis compositional system, where strong vertical movements of the brush meet strong horizontal ones amidst large fields of pale colour, Bogen creates whirlpools of full spectrum hues at the vortexes of the meeting places. This "act" of painting has almost become a mechanical formula used by Bogen to organize his picture plane. His airy and atmospheric palette has retained its direct French influence from the *plein air* impressionists to the lyrical moderns like Dufy. Bogen's large canvases and smaller mixed media frames are out-distanced by his medium-sized works on paper, in that their visual power (colour plus content) retain a proper relative proportion to the size of the surface. Under Bogen's abstraction nestle atmospheric elements of nature: the feeling for water, air and earth replace, in importance, understated figures, buildings and landscapes. (French Institute, 11 Hayarkon, Tel Aviv).

A FUN SHOW at the White Gallery is the second in this venue's face lift (or face change) from a moving force in establishing photography as a fine art in Tel Aviv, to a space for exhibiting works under the signboard "Design." The current fare includes 11 local graphic designers who show works that were neither completed according to their original sketch or accepted by the client. The germ of an idea ends up as playful window dressing. "Rejected, don't know why," is not an acceptable answer for this kind of exhibit. (White Gal-



Meira Uno: ceramic hanukia (Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).

lery, 4 Habimah Sq., Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 18.

AMOS SHEVACH, of Kibbutz Givat, shows poorly drawn and immaturely painted figurative and architectural canvases. Colour is crass and unimaginative, figures are schematic and distorted, not intentionally but because of basic inability. Shevach's gallery partner, Mordechai Shapira, of Kibbutz Einat, was born in 1909 and began painting late in life. His "blue period" pictures are that of an amateur. They are packed with distorted images of birds and people in a fantasia setting. Shapira's entire effort is that of a naïf trying to emulate sophisticated styles and techniques. (Gallery for Photographic Art, Frishman 19, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 7.

YLONA ARON'S recent abstrac-

tions are a far cry from her photographic conceptual works of several years ago. From the sensitive experimentation of using the dance figure as a working shape within a composition, she has jumped to overstated "pastiche" paintings that pinch bits from several other artists, all better than herself. A juxtaposition of primary colours (red, yellow and blue) against their pastel tints is accomplished in an expressive manner but the inclusion of torn paper, old photocopied photos and strips of Mondrian-inspired rectangles add little to a surface built up by intuitively applied pigment. A little Lavi and a little Kupperman with a dash of old-New Horizons doesn't make for success. (Lia Ascoli Gallery, 57 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 10.

The force of Kandinsky

Edith Varga-Biro

OF ALL the participants in the current Haifa exhibition "Graphic Art of German Expressionism," Wassily Kandinsky (b. 1886 in Moscow, died 1944 in France) was perhaps the greatest innovator. He was the moving force behind the *Blaue Reiter* and its leading theoretician. In 1910 he had painted the first completely abstract watercolour. He continued to spread theory and practice through inspired writing and experimentation. One of his ideas, still not realized, was to develop a theory of colour harmony similar to those of music. He and Franz Marc even tried to equate their art with modern physics.

Kandinsky felt that he could conquer new worlds and he pursued his quest with unabated thrust. Here, in a masterly abstract litho ("Orange," 1923) of triple triangles, a sharp needle, lines, squares and circles, the profile-like orange-coloured form and double half-bubbles still permit suggestive interpretations. In Kandinsky's etchings from the "Little Worlds" series (1922) the lines seem to swing in a universal merry-go-round. Despite the air of impro-

visation in his works, he planned his pictures with care.

Franz Marc (1880-1916) was a great, harmonious artist who achieved unity of representation and spiritual intensity; he was also a thinker and writer. His brightly coloured horses are much beloved by Israelis. Marc conceived his animals as pure beings, at one with the universe. His "Tigers" (1912) are composed in sweeping curves and harmonious patterns. "History of Creation II" (1914), a world in metamorphosis, has formal organization despite the seething waves and circling whirling with unformed animals. Marc still had the time, before he was killed on the Western Front, to write some enlighteningly beautiful lines about his art.

Paul Klee (1879-1940) created unique little fantasy works of playful line and musical rhythm. Looking at the "Hoffman-like Scene" (1921) in subtly balanced line-and-colour harmonies, one could spin tales about a girl looking wistfully into the air; Klee cunningly leads the viewer's eye to a cock standing proudly on top of a rounded tower on a pink ground and the story, full of surprises, could go on and on...

Now to the independents: Lyonel

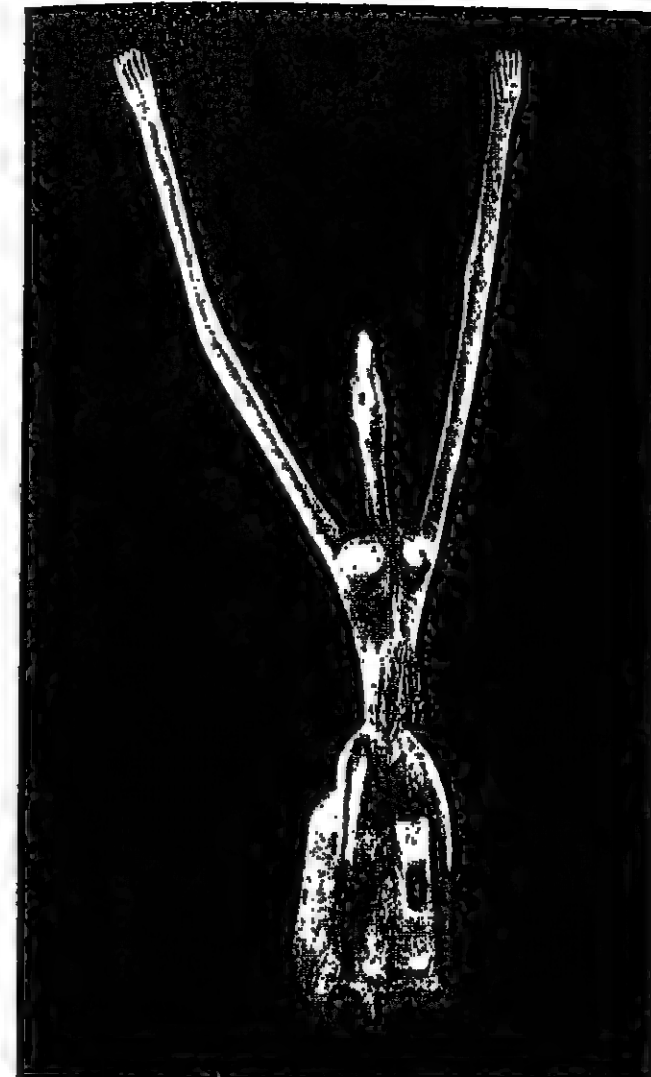
Feltinger (1871-1956) split and re-constructed architectural elements in a mystical mood. With human figures, as in "The Walkers" (1918), he seemed to prefer his mankind dwarfed by the buildings. Christian Rohlf (1849-1938) joined the Expressionists when he was 60, but still learned its form-language. He combined it with a refined, vivid sense of line, as in the effete and elegant "Large Female Nude" (1913) and the somewhat brazenly moving nude "Dancer" (c. 1916). A rather sentimental "Return of the Prodigal Son" (1916) is built of broad strips of light and shadows. Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980) is represented with female portraits, drawn charcoal-like on the litho stone. His forceful lines are set against shadows of vulnerable flesh, each element emphasizing its contrast with great expressiveness. Max Beckmann (1884-1950) was a disquieting, cool and original artist. His tense line often has an intense communicative power, as in his etching "Self-portrait with Gable" (1918).

George Grosz (1893-1959) a Berlin revolutionary socialist and bitter exposé of German mores, shows in "Friedrich Street" (1919) a morbid caricature of postwar Berlin. Intersecting lines separate each alienated figure in the metropolitan crowd; a Semitic-looking profiteer, the Junker, the burghers, the trol-

ley, the beggars — no one fares well. In towering buildings, behind open windows, nudes couple, a drunk empties a bottle and the sun never has a chance to penetrate between the walls. Otto Dix (1891-1969) pitilessly denounced the brutality of war in accented, expressionistic realism. His postwar etching "Street" is even more corrosive than the work by Grosz. In the etching "Meal in the Trenches" (1924) a skeleton beckons merrily to a beast-like, guzzling soldier, the whole set in visionary landscape for ironical contrast.

Jacob Steinhardt's "Street and Trees" (Israel, 1937), from the Museum's collection, shines with light, despite, or because of its deep shadows. This exhibition conjures up the revolutionary enthusiasm and force of idealism of the period. Although the style prevailed again internationally after 1945 in a similar historical context, the spirit did not. Today we can only look back with some nostalgia at these pioneers with the courage of their convictions and who succeeded in preparing a mould in which to cast the arts of the future. (Museum of Modern Art, Haifa, in cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 12.

(This is the second of two articles on this show. The first appeared on Dec. 14).



Mask of wood from Kurumba, Upper Volta, possibly influenced by a Dogon mask. (photo: Slapac, Israel Museum)



Epa dance mask, wood, paint, patina. Yoruba, Nigeria.



Maternity figure, wood, cloth, vegetal paste, from Baule, Ivory Coast.

MESSAGE ART

Meir Ronnen



Claude Lévi-Strauss

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM opens its 20th anniversary year of festivities and inauguration of new pavilions with the opening on Sunday of the Wright Gallery of African art and an international symposium, "Art As a Means of Communication". The African gallery, named for Faith Dorian and Martin Wright, who paid for the installation, completes a seven-year plan for the Maremont Pavilion, which houses permanent displays of pre-Columbian, Oceanic, Eskimo and North American Indian art in one complex. The Wright Symposium, which will feature lectures by 19 international and Israeli scholars on aspects of the arts of all these areas, will have as its Honorary Chairman no less a figure than the father of modern methodological anthropology, Claude Lévi-Strauss, who has always had a special interest in masks and the legends connected with them (a typical illustration of his provocative structural approach to tribal art and culture is his *La Voie des masques* (1975), now available in English as *The Way of the Masks* (Jonathan Cape, £15) in which he unravels the development of the legends of the Swahili mask found among the coastal tribes of British Columbia).

The artists of the West set off something of a stampede to buy African art, originally plundered by French, Belgian and British colonial officials. Oddly enough, this *églisme*, as the French termed it (with the British in mind of course) helped

preserve vast numbers of African artifacts, just as the Elgin marbles in the British Museum are among the few sculptures of the Parthenon to survive unscathed (most African art extant is of 18th/19th and 20th century origin, though some traditions go back a millenium or more; the reason for this is that few wooden pieces have lasted more than a century in the rigorous African climate). Collecting also ran parallel to the development of modern anthropological studies and perhaps helped stimulate them. Plunderers, dealers and collectors now bask in the company of scholars.

CURATOR DAN EBAN, in charge of the Maremont Pavilion project and organizer of the Wright Symposium, is mounting some of the African exhibits to confer a feeling of motion, for he thinks the visitor should be confronted by the masks as he would when observing a dance. Eban notes that in a world without writing, art interprets every aspect of life.

The objects on show differ widely according to society and geography, but all are meant to communicate something. The essentially tribal village art is highly stylized and geometrical; that of the African kingdoms more naturalistic; and actual "royal art" even "decadent". Some objects are connected with religious beliefs, magic or myths, others are concerned with taboos or social status. Some are designed to preserve the power of the chief, or king or head of a secret society. Clay, stone, ivory and fabrics are

also employed and even the lost wax process was used to make superb bronzes.

SIGNIFICANTLY, art for art's sake has failed in Africa: a good example of this is Makonde carving, turned out by the hundreds in an East African village industry to provide sculpture for the tourist trade. Divorced from meaning and ritual on the one hand and palely imitating western ideas on the other, most Makonde work is kitsch (only among the Haïda and Kwakwaka'waka tribes of British Columbia has carving survived as both a tribal and "modern art" force; an outstanding example is the work of sculptor Bill Reid whose work based on Haïda legends has brought curators and anthropologists together).

WHAT GIVES genuine African art its power? My own feeling is that the power to communicate stems from all the ingredients that make up any successful work of art: form and colour and texture and expression that jolts and intrigues or mystifies the viewer. Couple this with the power and directness of the naïf vision and a tradition of thousands of years of decorative body art and you have one of the keys to the collective African genius. For collective is a key word in tribal societies. It seems to me that certain faces and forms must have been perfected by repetition, a natural selection of artistic mutations, over hundreds of years, just as the successive generations of the cave artists of Spain and France traced and retraced the perfected

form of the image of their hunt; tracing the form became a ritual in itself. It is not easy to originate an image, but almost anyone can judge whether it works or not. But I am also sure that specially talented individuals were capable of producing special pieces. They were also aware: inter-tribal influences abound. Some pieces work better than others; many are fairly rudimentary. Some are breathtaking.

IT WAS no accident that when the recently refurbished and re-designed Museum of Modern Art in New York reopened, one of its first shows was an exhibition that contrasted works by the pioneers of modern art with the "primitive" pieces that inspired or closely resembled them. The African pieces displayed were so impressive that the spectator consensus seemed to be that they won hands down. The conclusion is inescapable: we now invariably judge these pieces independently of their original function and rather as works of modern art.

The permanent collection here is already a very respectable one (thanks to many contributions, notably from Marc and Denis Ginzberg of New York and from the Dubner and Karchmer families in Israel). The photos on this page are devoted, for "thematic" connection only, to various depictions of the female as a variety of different symbols in a male dominated world. But it would take most of this magazine to give a pictorial idea of the range of this fascinating collection.

A FUNNY THING happened on my way to interview Uri Geller. I had decided to arrive half an hour early at his hotel, so that I could sit in the lobby and plan my tactics for the question-and-answer battle in which I was determined that he should not out-manoeuvre me. However, by a conjunction of unforeseen circumstances, I was held up for an hour that morning, and, instead of arriving half an hour early, I was half an hour late.

As I walked into Geller's room with an apology on my lips, he raised his hand to stop me and said, "If you want to apologize, don't. I heard a request to you this morning to get here half an hour late. Which you have done to the minute."

No man is a prophet in his own country. This aphorism, which originated in Israel several thousand years ago, may well be applied to Geller, who was born in Tel Aviv. He seems to be respected all over the world, being described variously as a clairvoyant, a telepathist and a psychokineticist; but in Israel there are those who claim that he is a fake and, at best, a mere parlour magician.

He looks younger than his 37 years. His penetrating brown eyes and smile can captivate even those who denounce him. He may owe his slim figure to the fact that he is a vegetarian and jogs about 18 kilometres every day.

He and his wife Hanna, who is also a sabra, are now searching for a home in Israel, hoping to spend several months a year here, preferably in a mishva. They already have homes in the United States, Mexico and Switzerland.

They have two small sons; the elder, Daniel, apparently inherited some of his father's talent. "I didn't teach him anything," says Geller. "He picked it up from watching me."

Geller is still dressed in his sweat-shirt and jogging shorts. There are constant phone calls about different business meetings, and our interview has to be slightly shortened because other people are willing to keep their appointments.

DESPITE THE rather hectic atmosphere, Geller answers my questions very calmly and openly.

How does it feel to be back in Israel after not appearing in public here for 12 years? And is he hurt by the attacks on his genuineness?

"When I left Israel in 1972, the press here actually did not know anything about me. Also, I had no scientific backing. Back in 1972 the press was confused about the phenomenon called Uri Geller, but even then only a few newspapers wrote negative things about me."

"I admit that before coming on this present tour I was not sure how I was going to be received. But I had a pleasant surprise. I would say that about 95 per cent of the press has been favourable to me. I came to do four performances, and I have already added 30 more."

Why does he need these performances? After all, according to *Forbes*, the prestigious financial magazine, he is worth over \$15 million and gets a steady stream of royalties from a number of companies that have found minerals with the aid of his psychic powers.

He disagrees to tell me that he discovered that he could find minerals and oil deposits when one day, at a meeting with the chairman of South Africa's Anglo-Transvaal Mining Company, he was asked to point out on a map where he thought minerals could be found. He pointed to a spot and said, "I feel something here."

Years later, the company found

The mind bender



coal at that spot. "That's when I learned I could do this for other big companies and profit myself too." He adds that he has been doing this for seven years without too much publicity.

Getting back to the question of why he needs the performances in Israel, he says quite openly, "Till this trip, my children had never been to Israel. I also think I needed it for my ego and my vanity. Everyone who has ever been in show business has this ego-drive in him."

"I was born in Israel and I wanted to see if I could still attract audiences, and I'm happy to say that I've succeeded. Also, I wanted to entertain soldiers on a voluntary basis. I have already appeared before soldiers in Lebanon and tonight I am performing for wounded soldiers at Tel Hashomer Hospital, including those in Ward 20 where I spent some time after being wounded in action in the Six Day War."

WHEN WE ASK about his controversial psychic powers, he goes to one of his suitcases and, after a frantic search, whips out a thick book entitled *The Geller Papers* compiled by Charles Panati, the science writer of *Newsweek*. He says with a boyish smile that it is very boring because it is full of scientific reports on tests that were made on him at various institutions.

He thumbs through the book for pictures showing his versions of other people's drawings that he had made without seeing the originals, and the virtual identity between the



By Yitzhak Oked

two. He also shows how he read the mind of a computer by reproducing accurately a picture the computer had drawn.

Throwing the book on the bed and leaning back in his chair he sighs, "Those who don't believe in the powers I have will never believe. There are fewer and fewer of them around today, and I no longer take to heart what they say or write about me — as long as they spell my name correctly."

"What are my powers? I really don't know. All I can say is that unlike what some of my detractors say about me, they have nothing to do with magic tricks."

"Take two beautiful Picassos: one is real and the other a fake. Ordinary people don't know the difference; only experts know. It's the same with

me: only scientists know I'm not a fake."

"I'm descended from Freud on my mother's side, and maybe that has something to do with my special powers. I believe that this paranormal trait has been handed down in our family for hundreds of years."

"On my father's side I come from a long line of rabbis. I believe very deeply in God, and think that this faculty has been given to me by God, and I don't want to fight it."

"I have found something very interesting: people who don't believe in my special talents don't believe in God either."

He adds that he has observed a tendency among pilots and military men to believe in parapsychological phenomena, while medical doctors seem to be sceptical. He also thinks that an overwhelming majority of people all over the world want to believe in these phenomena.

Pressed to reveal something more about his psychic powers, he replies, "I wish I could, but I simply do not know what they are."

I point out that this kind of answer gives ammunition to his critics. "Let's say they are right that I am a fake. Then I could tell you that I am in a position today to call it quits. I am wealthy and I could easily make an extra million dollars by making a deal for a book in which I would disclose the whole truth and how I fooled the world. The book would easily bring me at least three million dollars; and I could go around the world appearing on TV and making even more money. But the problem

is that I am not a fake and I have not fooled the world."

WHAT ABOUT his prophecy at the press conference on his arrival that something big is going to happen in Israel during the next three months?

He says he still does not know what this will be. "But whatever is going to happen in the next couple of months is nothing compared to some very big events that are going to occur in the world, with Israel being the big beneficiary."

"When all this is going to happen I do not know, but it is connected with some higher intelligence that will reveal itself sooner or later. I'm not trying to pull your leg, I don't even know why I'm telling you all this. I've never told it to a journalist before."

"I do not know what this thing will be, but I have been feeling it since the day I was born. The imagination cannot grasp it, it is so vast. I do not know when it will happen, but I am sure that it will be very positive for Israel when it does."

To my observation that it sounds almost like the coming of the Messiah, he replies very seriously, "Yes, it is on the same level as the coming of the Messiah."

"If things are going to be so good for Israel, why are we suffering so much today with wars and a lousy economic situation?" I ask. He bursts out laughing.

"How can you compare what is happening today with what is going to happen? When the big happening occurs, you will see that present problems were trivial."

SOMEONE who has been listening quietly to the interview is now introduced as Meir Gitlis, the managing director of the general sensor division of Nachshol Electronics. He is now drawn into the picture and Geller assumes a conspiratorial attitude.

"What I am about to disclose to you I have not told anyone before," he tells me. "I have helped to develop several inventions and am planning to devote more of my time to the development of other inventions, all of which will be manufactured in Israel."

Here he whips out a Moneytron, a little gadget that tests dollar bills to see if they are genuine, and puts his arm round Gitlis's shoulders.

"I'm very good on ideas. I've known Meir since childhood and he's a genius in the electronics field. I've always been able to tell from the feel of a dollar bill whether it's forged or not. I explained to Meir what I felt, and asked him to try and make a gadget that would do the same. And that's how the Moneytron was born."

"The Diamontron was born the same way. That's a gadget similar to the Moneytron that can tell a real diamond from fake. I was also instrumental in helping to develop a special sensor used in certain electronic fences. These sensors are already in use around some sensitive places in the U.S. like nuclear reactors. And they are being used by a certain European country for the protection of its military installations."

During all this Gitlis has been nodding his head affirmatively. He now adds that Geller is the "marketing arm" of the company, which is working on a series of other gadgets based on his ideas. These include electronic games that will help people to increase their telepathic skills.

Leaving the hotel room, I have an eerie feeling that Uri Geller is beaming his thoughts at me again, and issuing an order: "Write that interview straight as I gave it to you. Don't go fooling around with it."

MILO MINDERBINDER, you will recall, was the consummate entrepreneur in Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* who leased arms and equipment to both sides in World War II, blithely justifying such depravity with the explanation that "everyone's a shareholder." Most readers accepted this as just another one of the author's zany plot devices. Great kiddie, that Joe Heller.

The readers who made *Catch 22* first a cult favourite, and eventually a bestselling modern classic, of course were chiefly of the Vietnam War generation. On principle they were prepared to believe the worst about the military-industrial complex and the multinationals and all those other monsters. But the actual facts about the corporate role in World War II were as remote from their experience or interest as was the identity of the chief arrow-merchant during Caesar's campaigns in Gaul.

Yet even the generation that went through World War II will be stunned by the charges in Charles Higham's *Trading with the Enemy*.

Basing himself largely on classified documents that he pried loose under the Freedom of Information Act, Higham asserts that such vast corporate entities as the Rockefellers' Chase National Bank and Standard Oil, General Motors, Ford, International Telephone and Telegraph, and many others carried on "business as usual" with the Nazi regime both long before and long after the U.S. entered the war.

COULD THIS possibly be true? Higham is neither an historian nor a scholar — prior to this book he was best known as the show-biz biographer who unearthed Errol Flynn's Nazi affinities — but the author does provide enough evidence to mount a formidable case. Nor are his charges entirely new; during the period numerous government investigations were launched into alleged violations of the Trading with the Enemy Act.

But why would Americans and other Allied business leaders supply such crucial commodities as fuel, motor vehicles, chemicals, communications equipment — everything, it would seem, from ball bearings to banking services — to the Nazi war machine? It's just, well, like Milo Minderbinder, an absurd fantasy, isn't it?

No, says Higham. Several American industrialists, he argues, had more in common with their pre-war partners from Krupp and I.G. Farben than they had with anyone else, namely a desire for profits and a common stand against Bolshevism. He adds that the Americans continued to play ball after Pearl Harbour as an alternative to losing their



Michelangelo's 'The Flood,' from Nathan Ascham's 'Pictorial History of the Jewish People' (Robson, £12.95). A revised and updated (by David C. Gross) version of the 1953 bestseller, this hefty tome includes 1200 pictures, many of them never before published.

Business as usual

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY: An Expose of the Nazi-American Money Plot 1939-1945 by Charles Higham. New York, Dell. 299 pp. \$3.95.

S. T. Meravi

extensive assets in the Axis countries; that the industrialists took the long view, believing (rightly) that such empires as Farben and I.T.T. would carry on regardless of the petty matter of who won the war; that many American industrialists admired Germany, hated the liberal Roosevelt, had fascist tendencies or, like Henry and Edsel Ford, were rabid anti-Semites; and finally that, for some, money simply came before patriotism.

That the industrialists also gave their all to the Allied war effort contradicts none of the above, and the fact that they did so was not just a reflection of the seemingly schizophrenic ideal of making money from both sides. Being indispensable to the war effort, Higham says, is precisely what allowed big business to get away with trading with the enemy. Despite the valiant efforts of the Treasury Secretary Hans Morgenthau, the chief hero of this book, few inquiries led to convictions, and few trials led to convictions. Many industrialists functioned on

the belief that the law was something to be circumvented, that the government was not the supreme power in the land, that the country could not prosecute the war if it were to prosecute its captains of industry, and that revelations of industry's iniquities would prove devastating to public morale, possibly leading to mutinies in the armed forces and crippling labour strife on the home front.

SO WITH staggering arrogance, Higham charges, Standard Oil shipped petroleum from South America to the Nazis even as Americans were queuing up with petrol coupons; Ford continued to build vehicles in Vichy France throughout the war; American and Nazi partners in the Swedish industrial giant SKF conspired to maintain a steady supply of crucial ball bearings to the Luftwaffe, even as the SKF branch in Philadelphia was unable to meet American demand; the U.S.-based communications conglomerate I.T.T. maintained factories in neutral countries like Portugal, Spain, Switzerland and Sweden that supplied the German military with switchboards, air-raid warning devices, radar equipment, and fuses for artillery shells; Chase National officials sat on the board of the Nazi-controlled Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland and helped funnel the

treasuries of occupied nations to the Reichsbank.

The British meanwhile did not have entirely clean hands. With Bank of England Governor Montagu Norman described as a "rabid admirer of Hitler," with Neville Chamberlain named as a major shareholder in Imperial Chemical Industries (a partner of I.G. Farben), with appeasement press barons like Lord Rothermere and jackboot-licking aristocrats like the Windsors, it is small wonder that many English financiers and industrialists found a climate for carrying on trade with the enemy.

At least the French and the Dutch had the excuse that they were under occupation, and the Swiss and the Swedes could claim that breaking off trade with Hitler would invite invasion. Any old excuse served the Saudis, who were busily blackmailing all sides against the middle with their strategic oil fields. Plus change.

Charles Higham says he got onto this story while researching his Errol Flynn bio. Part Jewish and the son of a one-time British cabinet minister and prominent military figure, Higham was outraged by what he discovered. Although he says he did his best to write a dispassionate account, his anger is hardly concealed, and this often leads him to overstatement and tendentiousness. He takes as gospel, for example, virtually everything written at the time by radical journalists like I.P. Stone and other members of the partisan press. Higham is also often distressingly brisk: only a single passing reference is made to General Electric, for example, and it reads like this: "...General Electric, which had suppressed tungsten carbide in favour of Krupp and financed Hitler..."

NOR IS HIGHAM a terribly skilled writer. *Trading with the Enemy* is packed with hundreds of figures, few of whom are delineated in much detail, and the intricacies of high finance, corporate structure, international law, emergency war regulations, political alignments, congressional inquiries and the like frequently seem to overwhelm both writer and reader.

Yet one comes away from the book impressed — or at the very least highly disturbed. Higham has pointed to an area that deserves more attention, and it is heartening to know that scholars and historians are indeed actively investigating the subject. Their research could add to our understanding of why nations wage war, who gains from it, and why, in one of the greatest *Catch-22*s of them all, the comic absurdity of Milo Minderbinder may be "neither comic nor absurd."

those countries, as well as poisonous chemicals "guaranteed 93% effective" against their enemies. (As the narrator points out, if they were 100% effective, Jerusalem would lose its market!)

There is no ray of hope in this dark world of the future, except that it is entirely unbelievable and clearly not meant to create the illusion of reality. At the same time as he vents his anger against the ultra-particularistic Orthodox, Tammuz indulges his fancy, letting it take him where it will: strange dreams, super-natural appearances, and wildly grotesque scenes. However, the fantastic elements of the book strike me as incoherent, and, unfortunately, the book is not convincing as a satire, nor is its apparently mystical resolution satisfactory. The idea behind the book is clever, and much of the wit is keen, but the reader does not know where he stands in the end.

I would recommend this book to any unsqueamish reader interested in the medical practices current in the 10th to 12th centuries in Arab and Christian Spain, as well as to scientists wanting to check the efficacy of the treatments discussed.

Lung of fox

SEFER HANISYONOT (The Book of Medical Experiences) attributed to Abraham Ibn Ezra edited, translated and commented on by J.O. Leijonhvit and S. Marcus. Jerusalem, The Magnes Press, The Hebrew University. 345 pp. Price not stated.

Reuven Ben-Dov

THIS BOOK represents the first time that the medieval medical treatise of the twelfth century ascribed to Abraham Ibn Ezra has been published, and indeed the first time any significant scholarship has been applied to it. The work is based on an earlier Arabic tract of the tenth century by Abd al-Rahman b. Ishaq b. al-Lihnam which is printed in its entirety in Hebrew translation. Anyone with even a superficial interest in Biblical commentary will have heard of Ibn Ezra, but few are probably aware of his expertise in astronomy, astrology, poetry, and medicine. The editors have published the complete Hebrew text, with English translation and explanatory notes, together with an evaluation of the text.



I have selected a few comments to illustrate the flavour of this book. Today, a patient telephoned me inquiring if chicken soup was good for his gastro-enteritis. I was able to tell him that, in the opinion of Ibn Ezra, if cooked with marshmallow, chicken soup will relieve inflammation of the stomach. Another therapeutic application is to place the powder of the dried lung of a fox into chicken soup and drink it to relieve shortness of breath.

Infectious hepatitis, one of the commonest causes of jaundice, is unfortunately very prevalent in Jerusalem, but we are helpless in offering specific treatment. Not so Ibn Ezra, who offers a variety of remedies. For example, you can drink the juice of a squeezed radish for five days, or hang the molar of a dog on the jaundice sufferer. If this sounds strange, I should point out that there is at least one gentleman in Jerusalem who, at the drop of a feather, will come to your home and place pigeons on your jaundiced abdomen and, according to a number of friends, cure the jaundice.

Talking of birds, Ibn Ezra advises hanging the head and tongue of a cuckoo to improve memory, a wild cock to take away headache, the heart of an owl to alleviate gout, and inserting the ashes of a sparrow into the eye to sharpen the eyesight. Other treatments he advises for various ailments include snails, worms, hedgehogs, locusts, snakes, lizards, spiders, and flies; as well as mustard, turnip seeds and various herbs.

I would recommend this book to any unsqueamish reader interested in the medical practices current in the 10th to 12th centuries in Arab and Christian Spain, as well as to scientists wanting to check the efficacy of the treatments discussed.

WE TEND to overestimate some books or movies simply because their subject is important. I believe that is the reason why so many people were through John Carré's overblown prose and incompetent plotting, swallowing in the process his version of the Cold War and the inner workings of intelligence services despite the evidence of almost four decades of espionage trials. And it is the only explanation I can think of for Richard Attenborough's mendacious and two-dimensional Gandhi walking off with eight Oscars.

It is something of a novelty then to come across a scholarly treatment - published under one of the most respected imprints - of an irredeemably frivolous subject. In *Broadway Babies*, a history of the American musical, Ethan Mordden not only demonstrates that he is a sound historian but also displays a sharp critical faculty and a gift for the arresting phrase. As a bonus, he includes a discography which is practically a book in itself, a self-contained history of recorded show music.

SINGERS, DANCERS and funny-men dominated the musical in its earliest days. Victor Herbert threw out this vaudeville format in favour of "musical plays" and, long before Jerome Robbins was born, even anticipated dance musicals such as *West Side Story*. Florenz Ziegfeld's dignified revue, "glorified the American girl" and greatly expanded the role of the songwriter. Discussing the *Follies*, Mordden conjures up Anna Held, a European import who became Ziegfeld's wife, as vividly as any holograph with her "huge eyes and the tiniest waist in the West. She was a toy woman; it was past closing time in the toy shop and she had come out to play."

By the Twenties, an inexplicable explosion of songwriting talent had produced Jerome Kern, the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin and Cole Porter - to name only a few. Composers and lyricists now literally called the tune and "for the first time in the musical's history, one can tell who wrote a tune," says Mordden. "The song tells you."

Kern abandoned the operetta style of his predecessors and developed the American popular song with deceptive simplicity. Try humming along with Kern, Mordden suggests. You keep going off.

George Gershwin integrated jazz forms and, together with Ira, infused the musical with wit.

When Larry Hart, "a city-dwelling hedonist who knew all the answers," teamed up with Richard Rodgers they produced an unmistakable mixture of cynicism, topicality and forgettable tunes. Rodgers was to lose this hardboiled element entirely - and even deride it - in favour of romanticism when he teamed up with Oscar Hammerstein II. If it came to a toss-up between "My Funny Valentine" and "The Sound of Music" I know which would get my vote, but Mordden's sympathies are plain. His hero is Oscar Hammerstein, "the most significant figure in the musical's history."

BEFORE *Show Boat*, Mordden points out, the performers usually strutted their stuff in an unstructured show with completely irrelevant songs or dance routines interpolated whenever there was an opportunity. A boy and girl would share their joy in a duet or dance, then "the Girls might come out after the vocal for a backup, kicking, their sudden entrance defying the logic of the story," Mordden writes. "Or a boy might winter off-stage to let the girl dance



Laurel and Hardy sing "Honolulu Baby" in a scene from 1931's *Sons of the Desert*. Alan Warner's *Who Sang What on the Screen* (Angus & Robertson, £5.95) is a lavishly-illustrated dictionary arranged in useful categories that span the Golden Age to the present: theme songs, title tunes, background music, incidental melodies, the singers and the songs, the groups and the big bands. A.H.

Moon, spoon, June

BROADWAY BABIES: The People Who Made the American Musical by Ethan Mordden. New York, Oxford University Press. 244 pp. \$19.95.

HISTORY OF MOVIE MUSICALS by Thomas G. Aylesworth. London, Bison/Hamlyn. 256 pp. £7.95.

Alex Berlyne

with a male quartet, her joy running a little thin as she shared it with four strangers."

Hummerstein changed all that. For the first time, the dunces developed out of the story and were the direct sequelae of the singing. "No one who is not in the song," Mordden points out, "is allowed to join in the dance."

By the Forties, the choreographers began to develop character through dance and their art came into its own in such shows as *Oklahoma* and *West Side Story*. Dance was so much a part of the narrative technique by the time Leonard Bernstein's up-dated Romeo and Juliet met in Manhattan, says Mordden, that *West Side Story* without choreography would be unintelligible.

HE'S RIGHT. I know, but I confess to being an incurable backslider and I have no particular use for the integrated number. Give me hopeless frivolity anytime; bring on the inconsequential girls and the red-nosed baggy-pants comedians, the irrelevant tap routines, the hoary clichés of *42nd Street*, the absence of heavy significance, and I'm in seventh heaven.

"What happened to the good-time musical?" Mordden asks. "I'll tell you; its promises couldn't be kept. The silver lining doesn't fly because you've waited for it, and few Irenes ever left Tenth Avenue for real." True. True. But revivals of good-time musicals are playing to packed houses in both New York and London.

It is possible, I believe, to reconcile these two points of view. The revivals are succeeding precisely because the musical has been in the doldrums lately - ever since the super-directors and the super-stars were brought in to make the ever

feld cartoons on the jacket.

By 1932, audiences that had been enchanted by *The Jazz Singer* only five years earlier were already suffering from a surfeit of "all-talking, all-dancing, all-singing" movies, says Aylesworth, so much so that cinema owners began advertising the fact that their current attraction was not a musical. Effervescent William Berkeley Enos, generally known as Busby Berkeley, reversed the declining fortunes of the musical with his spectacular production numbers, though I for one think he went a bit too far. Parents of stagestruck girls may have come to regret having nursed them through whooping cough and having paid for dancing lessons so that they could eventually become Human Harps in *Fashions of 1934*.

Berkeley's anemone-like patterns of dancers, shot through a hole in the studio roof, were eventually replaced by opretinas starring Grace Moore, Claudys Swarthout and others, though by the time coloratura Lily Pons appeared in *I Dream Too Much* signs of impatience were being evinced, one critic even having the temerity to refer to the movie as *I Screen Too Much*.

The most successful examples of the musicals of this period starred Jeanette MacDonald, "the Iron Butterfly," and the rather wooden Nelson Eddy. These are now considered High Camp but careful listening reveals two consummate craftsmen working their way through confections by Friml and Romberg that have themselves stood the test of time.

This fashion was followed by a craze for wildly inventive "biographies" of great composers, such as *The Great Waltz*, billed as the story of Johann Strauss. This was referred to by connoisseurs of the genre as *The Great Schmaltz*.

The movie musical then took on a new lease of life with extravaganzas such as *The Great Ziegfeld Show Boat* and *The Wizard of Oz*. Everything is grist to Aylesworth's mill and he even included *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarfs* in this category on the strength of a few songs.

I forgive him because, in the process, he reveals that in addition to the names of the dwarfs that were finally decided upon, and which any self-respecting movie fan can recite even when he's long forgotten the *Seven Wonders of the World*, Disney considered and rejected Scrappy, Hoppy, Dirty, Dumpty, Hungry, Thrifty, Weezy, Doleful, Awhl, Gabby, Flabby, Snoopy, Shifty, Helpful, Crabby, Daffy, Puffy, Chesty, Busy, Biggy and Gassy. They should come in useful now to help us remember the hordes of new ministers and deputy-ministers in the National Unity government, which itself recalls the Pushmi-Pullu in *Doctor Doolittle*.

SOME OF the Post's readers will be interested in Aylesworth's nostalgic notes about such continental productions as 1930's *Die Drei von der Tankstelle*, starring Willy Fritsch and Lillian Harvey, though they will be somewhat less enchanted to learn about 1941's *Die Grosse Liebe* which starred Zarah Leander. This was the biggest musical hit of the period in Nazi-occupied Europe and was, I imagine, greatly enjoyed by anyone who wasn't actually being shot, garrotted, beaten to death or asphyxiated by cyanide gas, at the time.

A PRUDENT phone call to a Tel Aviv cinema recently saved my son from making a fruitless trip to see *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, that memorable 1954 musical with its marvellous blend of Agnes DeMille Americana-cum-acrobatic dancing.

Despite the ads in the Hebrew press, what was actually being screened was a Hindu epic entitled *Seven Brothers for Seven Brides*. Be warned. While we're on the subject of film-flam, Aylesworth has something to say about the remarkable similarity of the plots of two Lerner and Loewe musicals, *My Fair Lady* and *Gigi*. These two very successful musicals had so many points in common that some wag suggested that the composer and the lyricist ought to sue themselves.

By the Fifties, the screen musical was becoming too costly to mount and the studios were already beginning to feel the effects of TV so the most recent examples to reach the screen did so only after the sound of box-office music on Broadway reached the ears of the moguls.

ROUNDING UP his review of the movie musical, Aylesworth refers to the interesting phenomenon of the two *That's Entertainment* anthologies. These snippets of musicals from MGM's Golden Age, he says, "looked just as good the second time round. In fact they looked so much better than most of the 1970s films that older fans got weepily nostalgic about the good old days, which they hadn't appreciated at the time." *Touched*.

As usual, I find that it's the bits of useless information in the book that tend to stick in the mind. Aylesworth reveals for example, that Shirley Temple was forced to wear false teeth when her milk teeth fell out because the gap made the moppet look too old. In the same lunatic vein, *Ship Ahoy*, a 1941 musical, not only featured an uncredited male vocalist we were about to hear more of - Frank Sinatra - but the plot depended on Eleanor Powell tapping out Morse code with her twinkling toes. In 1945, *Two Sisters from Boston* harnessed together Lurtz Melchior (in a scene from *Die Meltsinger*) and a singer who could hardly be described as a *Heklenenor*, Jimmy Durante. The Great Schnozzola did his best with a ditty called "G'wan Home, Your Mudder's Calling" and I seem to recall that this urgent summons was occasioned by the news that "Your fadder's got caught in da washing machine."

The only appropriate comment on all these goings on, it seems to me, was provided by the plot of *For the First Time*, Mario Lanza's last picture, which was about an opera star who found romance with a deaf girl. It must have been inspired by that old lyric:

What a perfect combination,
No wonder we're in love.

Alphabet

HARPATKAOT (Adventures) by Ada Yardeni. Jerusalem, Carta-Dvir. 56 pp. Illustrated, also in full colour. No price listed.

THIS is a clever book of interest to both children and adults and especially fascinating for Israeli children of bi-lingual families. It deals with the growth of the letters of the alphabet from the early Semitic languages and the particular relationship between Hebrew, English and Arabic. The full-page colour illustrations come with a black and white key, tracing the evolution of the original pictograms. Nicely bound and printed, it makes a modest but valuable present. My eight-year-old had no difficulty in coping with it. M.R.

Two Galitsianers

JOSEPH ROTH, one of the most interesting Jewish writers to write in German in the twentieth century, was born in Brody, Galicia, in 1894. His compatriot, Shmuel Yosef Agnon, was born in (relatively) nearby Buczacz in 1888. Their careers were astonishingly different. Roth took what seemed to be the high road: he joined the Austrian army in World War I, became an officer, and worked as a journalist in Germany after the war. Forced to leave that country when Hitler came to power, Roth died in obscure destitution in Paris in 1939. Agnon chose a path of apparent obscurity, writing in a language spoken by almost no one, yet he lived to a ripe old age in the new Jewish homeland, having created an incomparable literary monument in modern Hebrew and achieving international recognition also.

Recently Roth's literary stock has begun to rise again, and his posthumous recognition is well deserved. This excellent new translation of a novel first published in 1938, *The Emperor's Tomb*, has a lot of the decadent flavour of Italo Svevo (a Jewish writer from Trieste), disillusioned hedonism, the egotism of a man who does not think very highly of himself. The narrator and hero of this novel introduces himself as "Trota". He is the son of a Slovenian noble family living in Vienna, and, until the First World War disrupts his life, he enjoys the sweet and futile luxuries available to wealthy young aristocrats in the twilight of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Trota is an attractive figure because he is intelligent and tolerant, too confident of his own (meaningless) social superiority to be a snob: the two people to whom he is most drawn are his cousin, an itinerant Slovenian chestnut vendor, and Manes Reiser, a Jewish coachman who enlists Trota's protektion to gain "a free place in the Conservatorium for his very gifted son, Ephraim, who was not to become a coachman and end up in the far eastern extremities of the Monarchy. In the opinion of his father, Ephraim was a musical genius."

His wife, a young woman whom he had barely known and married on an impulse before joining his regiment, espouses the post-war world enthusiastically. She has become involved with "a young woman with short dark hair, great dark eyes, a complexion of old wax and strong traces of a moustache over her red lips and strong white teeth."

"You know Jolanth Szathmari, I expect," said Elizabeth, and I gathered that this woman was famous. She knew even better than my wife how to design what the arts and crafts most urgently required. I apologized. I had not come across the name Jolanth Szathmari either in Vyatka (Siberia) or on the troop train coming home."

IN THE END Trota is left with nothing but his loyalty to the long vanished Hapsburg Emperors as the Germans march into Vienna.

Professor Gershon Shaked has discussed Roth as a Jewish writer. In this book the Jewishness of his writing is oblique: the hero, a non-Jew, of course, lives like a Jew, as an exile in the land where he was born, longing for a vanished, ideal past in which his life was meaningful and full. Trota's bewilderment in the modern world where traditional emotional ties mean nothing is similar to Moses Herzog's bewilderment in Saul Bellow's novel. Herzog too was betrayed by a woman who knew how to make her way in the world better than he. Both Trota and Herzog understand the futile impotence of humane values and traditions, so easily swamped by tidal waves of greed and the lust for

power. Yet neither man is temperamentally capable of jettisoning his values and riding the crest of historical events. Thus they represent a certain species of sensitive Jew in our century.

AGNON'S CASE is entirely different. When he is nostalgic it is not for a mythic Austro-Hungarian Empire which can be taken to symbolize the wholeness of the lost Jewish tradition. He is specifically nostalgic for the vanished, idealized world of his own childhood in a Hassidic community in Galicia. Agnon is not uncritical of traditional Jewish life, and some of his writing has a sharp, satirical bite. However, in the stories translated here, the tone is largely elegiac.

As the translators say in their introduction, it is nearly impossible to render Agnon in English, especially this nostalgic vein of his. (His Hebrew is resonant with traditional connotations, and the social fabric he uses as a backdrop for the stories is so specifically Jewish that no non-Jewish reader could be expected to make head or tail of it.)

Nevertheless, granted that it is impossible to render the delights of Agnon's Hebrew in English, these two doughty scholars could have done far better than the stilted English they offer us:

"The thoughts of man cannot be relied upon. You think thus: He who is above has already thought otherwise. One day I found in a newspaper an account of a clerk of the post office who stole money from the post and bolted out of the country. When I read it I did not pay attention to it, perhaps because the papers continually report evil doings and if a man pays much attention to all that he would have to wear sackcloth and ashes."

No one reading that passage, or any other chosen more or less at random from this book, would guess that the original was written by one of the greatest masters of prose in the history of the Hebrew language. Other aspects of this project also baffle me. Why, for example, is it subtitled, "Sixteen Stories of the Chassidim"? Agnon actually wrote a good number of stories specifically about his Chassidic ancestors, but the present works are closer to being "an autobiography in miniature," as the translators say in their introduction.

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Shapira emerges as a real person. He does not inspire liking but the reader can certainly sympathize with his inner conflicts and turbulence.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1984

THE EMPEROR'S TOMB by Joseph Roth. Translated from the German by John Hoare. London, Chatto & Windus. 157 pp. £3.95.

A DWELLING PLACE OF MY PEOPLE by S.J. Agnon. Translated from the Hebrew by J. Weinberg and H. Russell. Edinburgh, Scottish Academic Press. 156 pp. £5.50.

Jeffrey M. Green

over her. Her fingers slid along the keys, but no sound came from the instrument. It was soundless, simply dead. I could make nothing of it. It must be some rare phenomenon and I knew nothing of physics... Out of curiosity I lifted the lid of the piano. The instrument was empty. The strings were missing... She bowed her head. "I had quite forgotten," she began quietly. "A few days after you went away I had a peculiar idea. I wanted to force myself not to play. I had the strings taken away..."

His wife, a young woman whom he had barely known and married on an impulse before joining his regiment, espouses the post-war world enthusiastically. She has become involved with "a young woman with short dark hair, great dark eyes, a complexion of old wax and strong traces of a moustache over her red lips and strong white teeth."

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GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS

THROUGHOUT the week of Hanukkah we have heard the glorious voices of cantors and children's choirs extolling the wonders of the Festival of Lights. On Christmas Eve a live telecast from Bethlehem brought us some lovely singing from the Roman Catholic church, as well as the strange sound of bagpipes from the square. I can't say that the sound was joyous, but I always regard bagpipes as marvels. So this is obviously a season during which we must count on miracles.

The first one is that 1984, which came in with every portent of being the year of Armageddon, is going out bright with hope. Last Hanukkah nobody dreamt that within 12 months we would have emerged from the dark seven-year period during which our lives were dominated by paranoia, xenophobia, obscurantism and economic excess.

Our second miracle is Prime Minister Shimon Peres. In the early years of the century, a play entitled *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* depicted the arrival in an English boarding-house of a mysterious being, who proceeded to remould the lives of everyone in the establishment nearer to the heart's desire. By the end of the play it was clear that the stranger must have been some sort of angel.

The premier is making much the same sort of impression: that he is not really of this earth, and certainly not of this land. He moves delicately, unobtrusively, his wonders to perform.

The package deal is stuck. All the negotiators stand firm, determined never to yield, like Horatius defending the bridge. Enter the prime minister, and, miraculously, all problems are resolved.

Shas and the NRP are quarrelling about a great spiritual issue endangering the future of the state, of Judaism and of the Jewish people: which should get a larger slice of the national cake? This profound principle of religious observance inspires Likud to remember all their grievances against the Alignment; they see no alternative but to bring down the government. The crisis is overwhelming and impossible of resolution. Yet it all evaporates like snow upon the desert's dusty face at a word from Peres.

Next miracle: on Christmas Eve we see the Jewish prime minister of the State of Israel turning up in Bethlehem with an appropriate message of peace and goodwill to Christians living in the Middle East — indeed, to Christians everywhere. He even uses the expression — pardon me — "I wish you a Happy New Year and a Merry Christmas." Can such things be?

Unlike his two predecessors in office — for that matter, unlike his great mentor, David Ben-Gurion — Peres understands economics, and so does not leave the solution of our financial problems to others. In fact, he seems to be omniscient, and he is everywhere — dealing with statesmen, with local politicians, with trade unionists, with workers.

Again unlike B-G, he is soft-voiced, and hates nobody, not even Rabbis Kahane and Levinger or Arik Sharon, which seems to me to be taking lovingkindness to excess. Dr. Samuel Johnson had a point when he said that he liked a good hater. But, if being tolerant to excess is a fault, it is one in the right direction, particularly in Israel.

I tell you, if we had any sense, every man, woman and child in Israel would take out an insurance policy on Shimon Peres.

ANOTHER miracle, of course, is the package deal itself. Its effect on our private lives has been so over-

Counting miracles



Shas and the NRP: quarrelling about a great spiritual issue

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

whelming that it is positively bewildering. I feel as Gabriella Andersen-Schiess, the marathon runner at the Olympics, must have felt when she finally got past the finishing-line.

Until the package deal came into effect, salaried workers were like Alice in Looking-Glass Land, running, running, running like crazy to stay in the same place.

We ran from store to store, buying items frantically as soon as they appeared on the shelves, lest the prices soar within the half-hour. The great problem was whether we should purchase new deep freezers to accommodate all our provisions.

We queued for hours at petrol-stations to fill our tanks before the price of gasoline soared at midnight. We spent hours in banks cogitating over Patam, Pakam and other schemes to obviate the danger of being caught with cash in our current accounts.

Dr. Shlomit Volkov, a historian, appearing on Ram Eylon's *This is the Time*, described the history of the great German inflation of the first half of the 1920s. Her description of what happened was as amusing as it was horrifying. Workers were paid twice a day, and given time off to shop immediately after each payment. Eventually, the government collapsed because of a wave of strikes, including one by the printers of banknotes. The new government introduced a new bank and a new Reichsmark, cut the budget, dismissed superfluous civil servants and cancelled subsidies.

Eylon was careful to stress that they were not talking about Israel in the '80s, but the analogy was clearly there.

Now, for the time being, at any rate, we can shop when it is convenient, allow the petrol-tank indicator to drop, even hold a salary cheque overnight without expecting the heavens to fall. And everyone is happy about it. I was pleased to hear industrialist Rolando Eisen say that he was just as thrilled as the workers about the deal.

One of the children's Hanukkah programmes showed inflation as a hideous monster, who complained that, at the moment, he was suffering the pangs of hunger. It was an admirable conceit.

There are still hard times ahead. Seven years of "boom and bust" as an economic policy must be paid for in toil, tears, sweat and cuts. But at least we are headed in the right direction.

THE SAME can be said about the withdrawal from the morass of Lebanon. The men are still there, young lives are being put into the hazard for a non-existent cause. But it is clear that it is only a question of a few weeks before this colossal folly also comes to an end.

Here is a tip. On the Israeli Arabic news, I often pick up interesting items which are not repeated on *Mabat*. Don't panic — I'm not suggesting you must listen to the news in Arabic, only to items in Hebrew or English.

One evening I heard Simcha Dinitz, lucid and articulate as always, explaining why he, as a backbencher, could propose immediate unilateral withdrawal, while members of the cabinet, even though they believed in it, could not. He said that they had other considerations which did not weigh with him, such as coalition discipline and compromises. He was free to urge any policy he liked.

When the last Israeli soldier quits

Lebanese soil, leaving the Shi'ites, the Druse, the Phalangists and all the other whatever-they're-called to sort out their complex relationships among themselves, it will indeed be another miracle. We should never have assumed "the white man's burden" of pacifying the warring tribes in the first place, merely to satisfy somebody's imperialist dreams.

ALL THIS does not mean that the forces of darkness have been vanquished forever. They are still there, lurking in the shadows, seeking for opportunities to spread their doctrines of racial superiority, chauvinistic hatred, religious obscurantism, imperialist land-grabbing, worship of stones and chaotic economics.

Thus I heard, on the 5 p.m. *New Evening Magazine*, another historian, Dr. Binyamin Cohen, describe Israel as a democracy in danger. Drawing parallels from the Greek experience, he warned us of dangerous trends in our society.

The main one that worries him is the belief summed up by George Orwell in *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." Dr. Cohen quoted the former CGS Rafael Eitan, as saying that Israel belongs to the Jews and that its other inhabitants are strangers allowed to live here by the grace of the Jews. He said that such thinking was a danger to our democracy.

So we have no reason to be complacent about what will happen in 1985. Still, we do not need to despair. It is not often that the end of a year is better than its beginning.

Incidentally, I have news for Sharon. He has every right to sue *Time* for \$50m, or whatever he can get out of them. But there are vast numbers of Israeli and other Jews who don't resent at all the allegations made against him. So his claim that he is rebutting a blood libel on the State of Israel and the Jewish people is an example of the big lie. Such lies, if spoken with sufficient passion and apparent belief in them, often pass as truth.

AMOS ETtinger being busy with the second part of his Eilat programme, I sneaked time off from it to watch Jordan's *American Caesar*, about General Douglas MacArthur and the war against Japan. I would not describe it as great television, but it is very interesting, and brings home very vividly how bloody and desperate the fighting to regain the Philippines was. William Manchester pointed out that MacArthur took great risks, going beyond the range of his land-based aircraft, and relying on the cover of the planes on his carriers.

Now that the Japanese have turned again into such charming and attractive people, it has become customary to condemn President Harry Truman for destroying Hiroshima and Nagasaki with atom bombs. But seeing what happened at Leyte and Manila, and in the concentration camps, I could not help feeling that the Japanese had it coming to them, and that it would have been insane to indulge in desperate island-by-island battles until the home islands of Japan fell, at colossal cost in American lives.

I am filled with grievances against King Hussein. He changes his programmes without notice: an episode of *Tenko* was not shown as promised on Channel Six, and lately Channel Three has given us nothing but Arabic shows from 6.30 to 8 p.m. They used to fill this gap very nicely. What has happened? In the name of our common Semitic heritage, we demand consistency and justice.

The nature of things



D'vora Ben Shaul

THE OTHER NIGHT there was an owl on the clothes-line just outside my balcony. It sat there for several hours, apparently hoping that some mouse would appear in the garden. It was one of the loveliest of all the species of owls here in Israel, the one called in the Bible "the least owl," better known today as Athene's owl. Small enough to sit comfortably in a teacup, this tiny predator is a mini-version of all the others. Except for the size of the prey it can handle, it is very close in habits and, for that matter, in form to the "great owl," Aharoni's owl, which is also well known here.

There are a number of other owls about, but after Athene's owl, the most attractive is undoubtedly the barn owl, with its off-white plumage flecked with gold. These owls build their nests in attics and barns and the Nature Reserves Authority was once called in to solve the problem of barn owls insisting on flying into the watch-towers around a maximum security prison.

The owls were quite harmless and were only checking the place to see if it would be a proper site for a nest. But the guards, most of them Druse, were well-acquainted with all the discreditable folk-lore attached to these nocturnal creatures, and were terrified by the nightly visitations.

The problem was solved by putting an infra-red light in the tower. Since owls only nest in dark places and can see infra-red with ease, this made the towers unattractive to them, while leaving the guard still unobservable to the human eye.

THE SMALLER owls live mostly on rodents, although Athene's owl will not turn down a fat cockroach, while larger owls like Aharoni's owl also catch hares and even barnyard fowl. Near Mevo Betar, an Aharoni's owl once was seen swooping down into a garden at twilight and carrying off a two-month-old kitten.

Much of what is said of owls is nonsense. They are not dangerous to people and they usually do not prey on domestic animals and birds, except quite by chance. On the other hand, they perform a vital service in rodent control. It is true, as people believe, that they sleep most of the day and that their night vision is incredible.

There is also no real basis in fact for the owl's reputation for wisdom. Like most birds, owls function best when following their well-programmed instincts and are not, as far as one can tell, any wiser than other birds. The secret may well be their reputation for silence. After all, if most of us would just shut up, we'd probably also acquire a reputation for wisdom.

MANY THINGS are easier said than done. One of them is shopping at factories. It sounds like such a good idea to by-pass the middleman and buy from the source.

But then there's the reality. Factories have a nasty habit of hiding away in industrial zones, which are rarely convenient for bus lines. They tend to be open when most potential customers are busy at their own jobs. And they expect payment in cash or by cheque, not by credit cards.

Nevertheless, the practice of shopping at source is gaining popularity. In many cases, the factories themselves are moving towards consumer convenience, through longer shopping hours and attractive in-plant sales rooms.

Whether you're going to shop at factories depends to a large extent on where you live and what's nearby. Most people will balk at a journey of more than half an hour to a factory outlet unless it's a one-time trip for something very special.

Lucky in this respect are those with easy access to the Rishon Le-Zion industrial area. Within a small radius, they have a choice of Galil, Kickers or Gypsy sports shoes, all at prices way below ordinary shop levels.

For one-stop wholesale shopping, few sites can outdo Beit Giron, in the new industrial zone of Rishon. From Tel Aviv, the simplest way is to drive straight through Holon on Rehov Weizmann, continue past the new Kiryat Ben-Gurion housing development, and turn right at the Paz station.

Beit Giron is a modern, three-storey, 160-unit workshop complex — the brainchild of a young South African immigrant, Frank Garrun. His Guri-Garrun Real Estate and Trust Co. builds complexes such as this with investment money from South Africans, who retain ownership of the units, which are leased to Israelis. The company administers and services the complex and keeps it in ship-shape condition. There are probably few industrial buildings in Israel that have such well-tended flower boxes lining their paths.

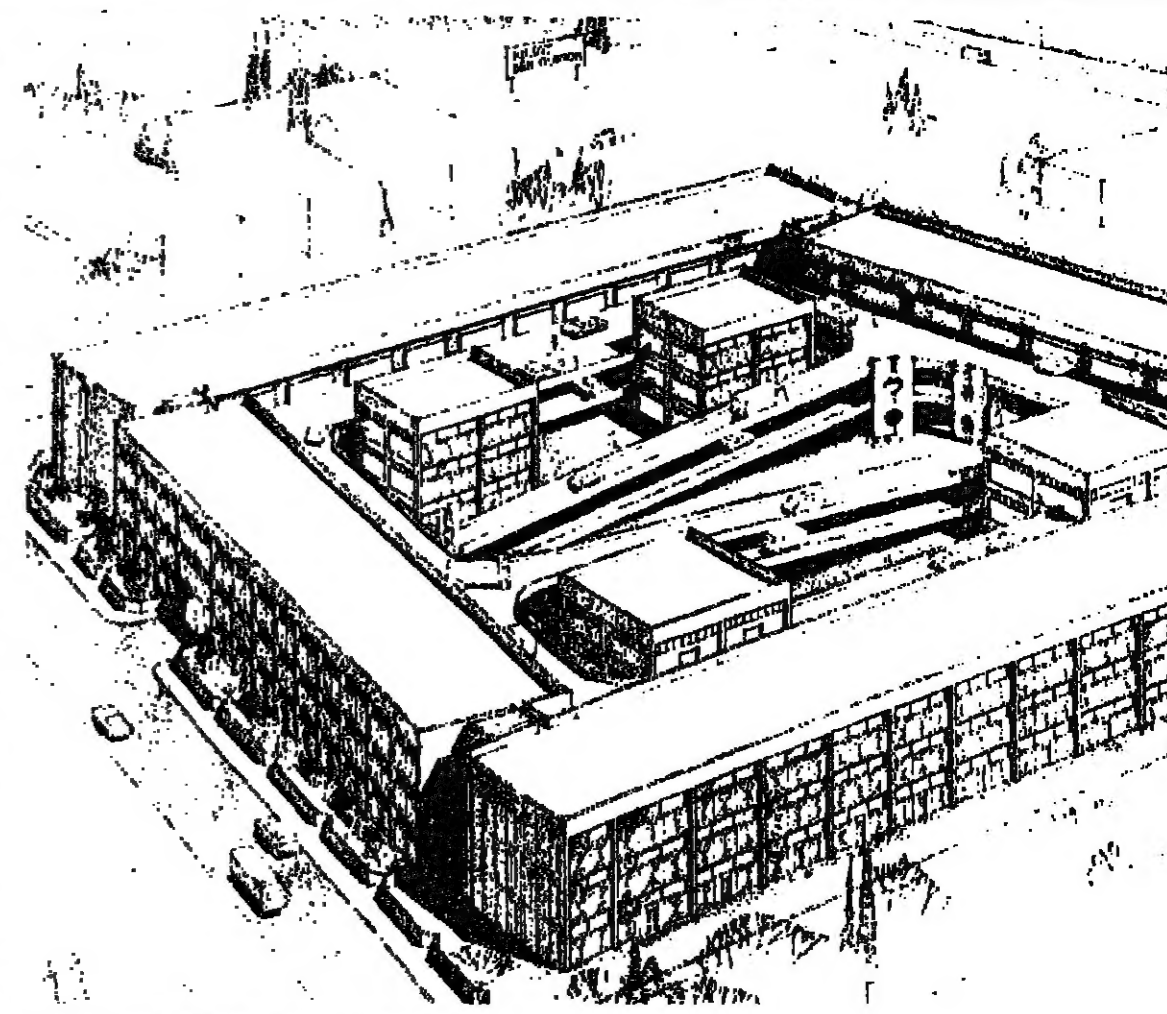
Beit Giron is almost fully occupied and about half the enterprises have goods to offer direct to the general public. A vehicle ramp provides easy access to the workshop units on all three levels.

If I have one criticism of Beit Giron, it is that anyone trying to shop there must find it difficult to discover what he can buy there, and where to look for it. Each unit is marked with a number and a name, but there is no printed map or directional sign to guide the visitor. If Beit Giron is indeed serious about attracting the general public, as it claims to be, it should remedy this shortcoming.

I WAS fortunate, of course, in having Frank Garrun himself as a guide. In the space of a morning, we managed to visit two meat processing plants and one for smoked fish, two bakeries, a cheese dairy, a nut-roasting room, two outlets for cleaning supplies and cosmetics, two grocery wholesalers, a stationer's, a houseware importer, two toy firms plus another for baby equipment, a clothing manufacturer, several furniture workshops, and even a factory for floor rugs. I came home loaded with purchases, when I had really gone just for the tour.

While mornings are best if you want to be sure of finding everything open, most of the businesses also function into the late afternoon and even the early evening. Very few open on Saturday evenings.

One of the highlights of my tour was a stop at The New Ilit Fish Co., which is generally considered to be



Luxury quarters for light industry at Beit Giron

the country's leading expert in the smoking of fish, particularly salmon, mackerel and trout. *Ilit* is Hebrew for salmon, its speciality. The technical director is one of the owners, dapper London-born octogenarian, Solly Klapisch, who smoked fish in France for over 60 years and headed the largest such firm in Europe. He is known to many as Mr. Fish.

One of Ilit's newest products is pepper-coated smoked mackerel. A forthcoming treat for those with a longing for a real English breakfast will be boil-in-the-bag kippers. In addition to its smoked fish Ilit also makes pickled herring. Its products appear in labelled vacuum-packs and plastic jars throughout the country. In addition, Ilit says it supplies about half of the smoked and pickled fish sold anonymously in bulk in Israeli supermarkets.

At the factory shop, 8 a.m.-4.30 p.m. weekdays, and until 1 p.m. on Fridays, private customers can buy Ilit products at prices said to be 30-40 per cent below what they would pay in regular stores.

Klapisch blames credit terms for the high prices in chain stores. "Why should we have to extend them 45 days' credit on these perishable products which they sell within a week or so?"

Obviously, smoked salmon is by far the most expensive Ilit product. For parties, customers can order a whole salmon, weighing about one kilo, pre-sliced but retaining its fish shape. Direct from the factory, this costs IS15,124 per kilo. If you buy the smaller quantities of pre-packed salmon there, it costs IS4,084 for 250gm, or IS1,134 for a mere 60gm.

Smoked mackerel, on the other hand, is a mere IS3,024 per kilo, or IS907 in a quarter-kilo package and IS530 for 125 gm.

Sometimes Ilit will agree to deliver a party order in the Greater Tel Aviv area. For details, phone 03-955592 or 955585.

You could buy an entire meal from soup to nuts at Beit Giron. At the nut end, there is Galil Seeds, a fast-growing young company for roasting and packaging seeds and nuts of all sorts. They are marketed

From the factories

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

throughout the Greater Tel Aviv area from Ra'anana to Rehovot, except within Tel Aviv-Jaffa proper. The firm also makes soft drink concentrates and individual bagged drinks. At the workshop, from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily, until 4 on Fridays, Galit offers all its products about 30 per cent below shop prices.

Soft drinks and soups in powdered form can be found at another manufacturer in the complex called Chik-Chak.

If you want meat or poultry you can visit Danny Cohen, who sells all sorts of frozen poultry products cheaper than the supermarkets and also carries a wide assortment of smoked meat from a kosher plant in Tel Aviv.

For frozen kosher meat convenience foods, Ma'adanei Motti offers an assortment ranging from Mediterranean stuffed vine leaves to Chinese eggrolls.

For dairy products, there is the Gad Dairy with four generations of experience in cheese-making. They make a pretty good cream cheese to go with the smoked salmon — even if it isn't exactly Kraft's Philadelphia Brand. Or you can try Demi's frozen pizzas.

All these food firms say they are selling at 20-40 per cent below normal shop prices. In addition, two general grocery wholesalers sell at prices comparable to those found around the urban open-air markets, or even cheaper. They carry everything from plain biscuits to imported cognac.

TO PEOPLE who live in the area, one of the best-known businesses

with wholesale headquarters at Beit Giron is the chain called Kol-Ho Shekar, which sells household supplies, toiletries and cosmetics at rock-bottom prices. Its branches in Holon and Rishon sell at the same prices as Beit Giron. But this is the main warehouse, and there is more space to display its entire range of merchandise. Hours are 8 a.m.-7.30 p.m., till 3 p.m. on Fridays, and payment is in cash or by cheque.

Perhaps to keep Kol-Ho Shekar on its toes, someone has opened a rival outlet for household supplies elsewhere in the complex. It does not look as attractive, but prices are competitive.

Next door to Shekar is a small factory for floor rugs, which you can buy at half the price they cost in town. Nearby is a huge stationery and art supplies wholesaler, Eitanim. Elsewhere is a company which hires out equipment for parties, called *Ira'im*.

There are so many carpentry and furniture workshops, that it's impossible to name them all. The very elegant showroom for Moyal Kitchens also displays the attractive dining tables made right next door at Baruch Furniture.

At Levy's House I met a family firm which sells the bathroom accessories and household cleaning equipment it manufactures in Europe under the trade names Coronet and Dietche, but it also has a factory in Beersheba and plans to export.

At Leviah, you can fall in love with giant teddybears and other soft toys, which I'm told may be as much as 60 per cent cheaper than in the shops. Another toy outlet, Nimrod, sells both its own products and some imports, mostly games and puzzles. A clothing manufacturer, Avi's, makes mostly sportswear for children.

If you get tired or hungry during your shopping expedition, the Balkan Restaurant is open to the public. It claims to be kosher, though does not yet have a formal certificate. Or you can buy something to nibble at one of the two bakery/confectionery establishments or at the pita bakery. If it happens to be Thursday or

Friday, the *Honeyhats* (Special) bakery will have some very special *halutz*, popular with employees at the complex.

MY HOST, Frank Garrun, is justifiably proud of his well-kept industrial complex. He confided that he even has a licence to build eight tennis courts on the roof, and will do so when the time is ripe. The management aims at high standards. More than once, Garrun stopped on our tour to admonish carpentry workers for bringing their sanding and painting tasks out onto the parking ramp.

Garrun's latest project is very different from the industrial complex. His company is planning an elegant shopping mall for downtown Ra'anana, where many South Africans and other English-speakers have settled. It will have shops, restaurants, offices and underground parking. Once again, the idea is to sell the units to South Africans and then rent them to Israelis. More than 80 per cent have already been sold, and preparation of the site is about to begin.

Henry Weinfas and Etienne Dreyfus are also builders, but on a much smaller scale. They build "French provincial" homes for private individuals. The exteriors are conventional Israeli concrete blocks, covered with plaster or stone, but the interior walls, windows and doors are imported ready-made from France. So are roof tiles, floor tiles, bathroom fixtures, and even internal staircases.

Once the components arrive it takes only about six weeks to build a house, the builders say. However, it takes about two months to get approval for a building licence, and another two months to order and receive the parts from abroad.

The two recent immigrants from France call their company *Gagot Adunim* (Red Roofs), and they have just completed their first house, in Pardes Hanna near Hadera. Well-insulated walls and double-glazed windows with malogany frames are among the features stressed, and the builders say that in France these homes are licensed for all-electric heating, which is a testimony to their good insulation.

The newcomers apologize for importing so many components from abroad. They say they would be glad to give more work locally if local suppliers could meet their standards at competitive prices.

Certain components of these French-style houses come under the current six-month import ban, but Red Roofs expects that this will be allowed to lapse in spring. If not, Israeli-made parts can be substituted.

When I pointed out that one local brand of roof tiles, *Ra'of Green* by Fibro-Block Ltd. of Rishon LeZion has become the first to be given a seal of approval from the Israel Standards Institution, Dreyfus said his firm would happily substitute Israeli parts if the customer preferred.

Prices quoted to me by Red Roofs are in the region of IS300,000 per square metre, which they admit is about 20 per cent higher than the standard quotation one gets on the open market today. But they claim that ordinary builders never actually complete a house at the low price quoted, and that this refers to a very simple, rough standard of building.

The new immigrants' fledgling building company has offices in Ramat Hasharon, 42 Rehov Ussishkin (tel. 03-48047). It also imports fireplaces from a well-known French firm called Richard Le Droff. Walter Mondale reportedly owns one. Here, they cost well over a million shekels.

Martha Meisels

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